

messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 37 – Number 10

February 2020

Some Features in This Issue...
Sailing: Two Cats Loose in Muscongus Bay
Rowing: Place Your Bets
Design: *Saudades* a Replica Block Island Double Ender
The Boatshop: The Boat House Miles from the Water
History: The Gundalow Company



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

In December we were tipped off via a circuitous route of a marine art exhibit at Mystic Seaport Museum (the word didn't come from the Seaport, they do not send us news releases). While I'm not an art collector I do enjoy viewing some forms of maritime art and thought some of you might find this of interest:

"Mystic Seaport Museum presents J.M.W. Turner: Watercolors from Tate, a major exhibition drawn from the renowned Turner Bequest of 1856, the vast legacy of art donated to Great Britain by J.M.W. Turner (1775-1851), which resides today in Tate Britain. Mystic Seaport Museum is the only North American venue for the exhibition."

A lengthy erudite discussion about Turner follows, wrapping up with this:

"The exhibition concludes on a high note with a selection of 17 watercolors, oils, and a sketchbook of scenes of the sea – shipwrecks, a beached boat, coastal views and purely atmospheric images. Highlights here include a graphite and watercolor drawing evoking with stark economy a vessel or whale stranded on a mountainous coast and Stormy Sea with Dolphins (circa 1835-4)."

You can read the whole thing by typing into "search:" "J.M.W. Turner: Watercolors from Tate." The exhibition closes February 23. If you think you'd like to take it in here are the specs: "October 5 - February 23, 10am - 5pm every day in the Collins Gallery, Thompson Exhibition Building. General Admission: Adult: \$19, Senior (65+): \$19, Youth/Child (4-17) \$16, Children (3 and younger) FREE, Members FREE. *Special exhibition-only admission of \$15 Monday-Wednesday.*"

No, I'll not be going, it's a 240 mile round trip drive on a short daylight mid winter day.

Turner's work is from that pre photography era when art and illustration were the only forms of image reproduction available for public display and Turner's copious work includes shoreside scenes with small boats involved, which is where I am at, of course, in admiring scenes from bygone times.

My interest in marine art pre dates my interest in small boats because my paternal great grandfather was a quite successful artist (1870-1938) who did a lot of coastal Rhode Island paintings (about 1,000 in all over a 60 year career, a couple of which ended up with us as he gave them to his grandson,

my father). While boats did not figure in his work, the power of the mighty Atlantic Ocean on the rocky shore of Rhode Island certainly did.

When small boats belatedly arrived in my life about 1978 (at age 48) I soon discovered Winslow Homer and a print of his famous small boat scene "Breezing Up" came to hang on my office wall (still does), an inspiration still to rest eyes saturated with computer screen text upon.

In our current era a contemporary friend discovered his artistic talent and made a modest success for the past 30 or so years painting a lot of marine scenes that did include small boats. He has generously gifted me with several of his works and now one hangs alongside my Breezing Up print on my office wall (see photo).

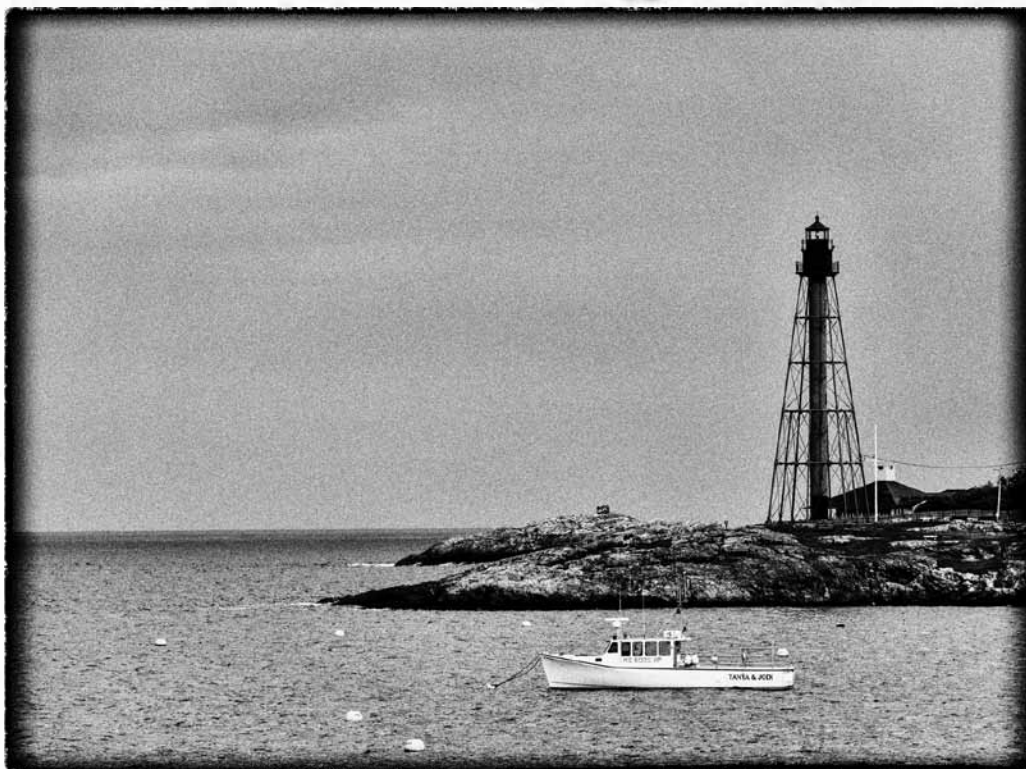
I realize the tiny one-column wide image here does not convey the full impact of the scene. It shows Thomas Fleming Day, Editor of *Rudder* magazine ever so long ago now, in steep seas in his famous Seabird yawl. My friend entitled it: "Seabird" after



Warren Sheppard. I am pleased to have it here alongside the Winslow Homer in what passes in this office as a "Place of Honor" appropriate to what has been now 37 years devoted to chronicling small boating for all of you who do love it.

On the Cover...

Reader John Amaral has this to say about his boat featured on our cover this month: "*Saudades* is a replica of a Block Island Double-Ender. I have had the privilege of tending to her, admiring and sailing her for the last 20 years. She is a wooden boat. Her lines, build, scantlings and equipment are those befitting the job she was asked to do. She is not a lithe and spritely water nymph, tricked out in flashing varnish and shining metal, but rather an ample, perhaps even, stout, solid, heavily timbered honest workboat; one that can be depended upon to shoulder a wave without losing way, keep a course, or "lay to" with little fuss to give her crew a respite... and she's all the more lovely for that." For a lot more go to pages 26-29.



Harkening Back With Harvey
"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."
Images by Harvey Petersiel
Guardians of the Coast





You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

The Debt

Thirty-five years ago on a lake in central Illinois we were motorboating and passed a kayak paddler. We stopped to visit. I had a new kayak at home. This fellow had a spray skirt on (the cloth that fastened around the edge of the cockpit and then around the paddler's waist, sealing him into the boat). I asked him if he could roll his boat.

The "Eskimo Roll" is rolling the kayak upside down and then back up again just using the paddle. He nodded, slipped on the nose clip that was around his neck and flipped over. We were looking at the bottom of his boat and then he was back up on top with water streaming off his nylon jacket, head and big smile.

He came to my house that afternoon and spent an hour in the water with me. He held the tip of my paddle at the right angle until it was natural for me.

There is something about being upside down holding your breath with water running up your nose that makes learning rushed and slow at the same time. Now it takes more than just knowing how. It starts with knowing how and then practice. Maybe it is like riding a bike.

Now, you might ask, "what difference does it make?" It makes all the difference in any kind of paddling. Now I can really lean on the paddle if wish. With a strong stroke or one for balance I am more stable, particularly if the paddle is in the water. Yes you can tip over but the dynamics for me have changed forever.

What can I roll? Probably any canoe or kayak that I can lock my legs and hips into, but if it will fill with water when it is on its side it is hardly worth it. Some are easier than others. A "sit-in" boat with foot braces, spray skirt and a deck form that is at least moderately high in the middle would be easiest to roll. The deck shape will make it unstable upside down.

I have that first kayak from 35 years ago and every two years I'd roll it just to be sure I could still do it. I didn't pay the fellow who showed me how. I don't know his name. I don't know where he came from or where he went. I didn't ask him to help me, he just did.

Since then if anyone wanted to roll a boat, I told them to call me. I had a boat and skirt. I could show them how because I had a debt. But now, at last, the years have taken their toll and I can roll no longer.

Sam Chapin, Eustis, FL

Grandchildren Assist

Although I spent four years on destroyers in the Navy, small boats also caught my interest. I wish I had saved all my old *Rudders* from my teenage years. I built several canoes and kayaks from scratch and CLC kits. It's now getting harder to load my boats onto my

pickup, usually done with one or more grandchildren to help when they are available.

Donald Neugebauer, Lynbrook, NY

Last of the "Messers"

I recently filled out a survey which asked how long I had been boating. My answer was 76! I started when I was six. Throughout my life I have continued messing about in boats. I am currently building Doug Hyland's 18' deadrise Chesapeake. It seems to me that I am a lone messing about survivor. I have lots of boating friends but they don't "mess about," they buy a boat and run it as is from the previous owner. No thoughts of adding a cleat or building in a storage locker. And heaven forbid they should actually build a boat or restore an old one.

Enough on my soapbox. I receive many magazines and after setting aside the others for "later," yours is the one I open and start going through. Keep it up, we may be the last of the messers!

Gaylord Lockett, Seaford, VA

Boat Building to be Main Focus

My boating experience is mainly with canoes and kayaks, with a little sailing added in. I most enjoy building small boats. I have built a couple of wood strip canoes and two kayaks from Pygmy kits. These are my most used craft. I have also built a small rowing/sailing pram from Ian Oughtred plans and am currently building a small sailboat from a Clint Chase kit.

I am currently shutting down my architectural practice after 50 years, so boat building will become my main focus.

I first discovered your publication at Dog Town Books when we first visited Gloucester, Massachusetts, about eight years ago. I enjoy it and look forward to seeing it every month.

Bob Claybaugh, Taylors Falls, MN

Information of Interest...

Lifeboat Tea

Regarding the article "The Construction of Wooden Lifeboats" in the December issue, you suggested that the article might have broad appeal among *MAIB* readers. I, for one, found it quite interesting. Learning about the experimentation with materials and building techniques to find the most durable boats was fascinating.

As I write this letter to you, I am drinking "Lifeboat Tea," an English black tea by the Williamson Tea Company. It is one of my favorites. Some packaging contains a drawing of a wooden lifeboat. The company's more colorful packaging contains a picture of a very modern inflatable lifeboat.

Your article prompted me to take a look at the RNLI (Royal National Lifeboat Institution) website which revealed information about an astonishing array of different types of lifeboats currently in use by the British. Today's boats are certainly worthy of a follow-up article.

For any tea drinkers, or those looking for a more than worthy substitute for coffee, I urge them to give Lifeboat Tea a try. In addition to merely providing a great flavor, each box of Lifeboat Tea sold provides a monetary donation to the RNLI, an exceptional charitable organization responsible for saving many lives.

Arthur Strock, Belvidere, NJ



Tea Strainer for Varnish

At \$40 a quart that great marine spar varnish is really worth saving, even down to the bottom of the can. But invariably there are dried bits and pieces of residue left on the insides of the can that want desperately to get back into the varnish itself. The use of gauze cloth for straining is one solution.

Personally I don't want to be bothered with making sure that the cloth itself hasn't picked up gunk so that it almost always ends up being messy. A solution to the problem that I have found is to use a tea strainer, but not just any strainer. The stainless steel strainer that comes with the For Life brand tea mugs with its micro holes fits the bill perfectly for me. It might just make life easier for you too, and that's a good thing.

Arthur Strock, Belvidere, NJ



Projects...

Blandford Kayak Project Completed

I finished a PBK 56 Percy Blandford-designed plywood kayak this past summer. I am extremely pleased with how it turned out. The 11' length, 28" beam, coupled with a mild rocker and flat bottom, make it so very comfy to use on flat water. In fact, I like it so much that I ordered a small lugsail for downwind use from Gambell & Hunter. My Bolger Windsprint 113sf balanced lugsail was made for me by Gambell & Hunter. That sail was beautiful, wow! I expect that G&H will do the little sail proud.

Arthur Strock, Belvidere, NJ

Micro Mouse

Here area couple of photos of my Gavin Atkin 6'6" Micro Mouse for a smile. I actually held my breath as I asked that huge guy to sit in the boat for a photo. Its 1/4" A/C Douglas fir ply exterior proved up to the task. Its blue Rustoleum oil base paint is from a can. This might be a good alternative to marine enamels. It's beautifully shiny, hard and very inexpensive and is sold in quarts, perfect size for small boats.

Arthur Strock, Belvidere, NJ



This Magazine...

Inspiration

I was a subscriber for many years but let my subscription lapse. I have just seen your December issue and would like to renew my subscription. I am coming up on my 91st birthday and for the first time in about 30 years I don't have a boat in the works. Maybe *Messing About in Boats* will inspire me to start another!

David McCulloch, Old Lyme, CT.

Birthday Gift

My sister wanted to give me something for my birthday so I asked her to renew my current subscription. I totally enjoy reading the "how to" stories and every/all "Classifieds." I turn 63 this year. Thank you for a great magazine.

Stephen Ahern, Starksboro, VT

Blame It All On My Roots...

By Dan Rogers

It's like this. I got my first copy of *Royce's Sailing Illustrated* in the fifth grade. I was on about my third kid built sailboat by then. Other than verbal descriptions from my dad, who grew up in Seattle, I really didn't know much about ragboats other than what I read about in books from the Bookmobile Lady. We lived 300 miles from salt water and NOBODY knew anything about sailing around where we lived. You might say that I devoured that little pocket book. The arcane mysteries of the nomenclature of a full rigged s'quigger melted into the vagaries of laying a Blackwall hitch. And the biggest discovery of all was the couple of pages devoted to points of sail.

I would rig and "launch" my 13' Styrofoam hulled sailboat out in the backyard whenever the wind blew. That's how I learned the difference of close hauled from running free. I taught myself to sail on a suburban backyard lawn. Since then I've been tens of thousands of miles under sail in maybe a hundred different boats until it dawned on me that I had "kind of gotten tired of it." No, I still got underway every chance I got and, believe me, about 15 years ago that was just about every day and night.

Kate and I lived on a powerboat in San Diego and I had become a full time boat bum. I had an evolving collection of boats at my disposal with always a capable keelboat in a slip just down the dock from home. My favorite time to be out was in the middle of the night, nobody around, nothing to run into. It's uncanny how this creates a sensation of hurtling through space a lot like unpowered flight.

If you've never tried this, well, you just have to. Pick an open fetch to windward, get your boat strapped in and running where she's looking. Tie off the helm, or set auto and go ride the pulpit. It's the best seat in the house. Most any Marconi-rigged boat of my acquaintance will run for a mile or two pretty much untended. Can't say the same for most any stinkpot.

This is where you can actually watch the boat do her stuff, like your very own Cinerama theater. I took my friend Rod out on *Lady Bug* this summer and I was telling him about this sort of thing. He was not really convinced until he finally clambered up forward and took a seat. I hauled in the main and gave the boat her head. I'd say, the look on his face pretty much says it all.



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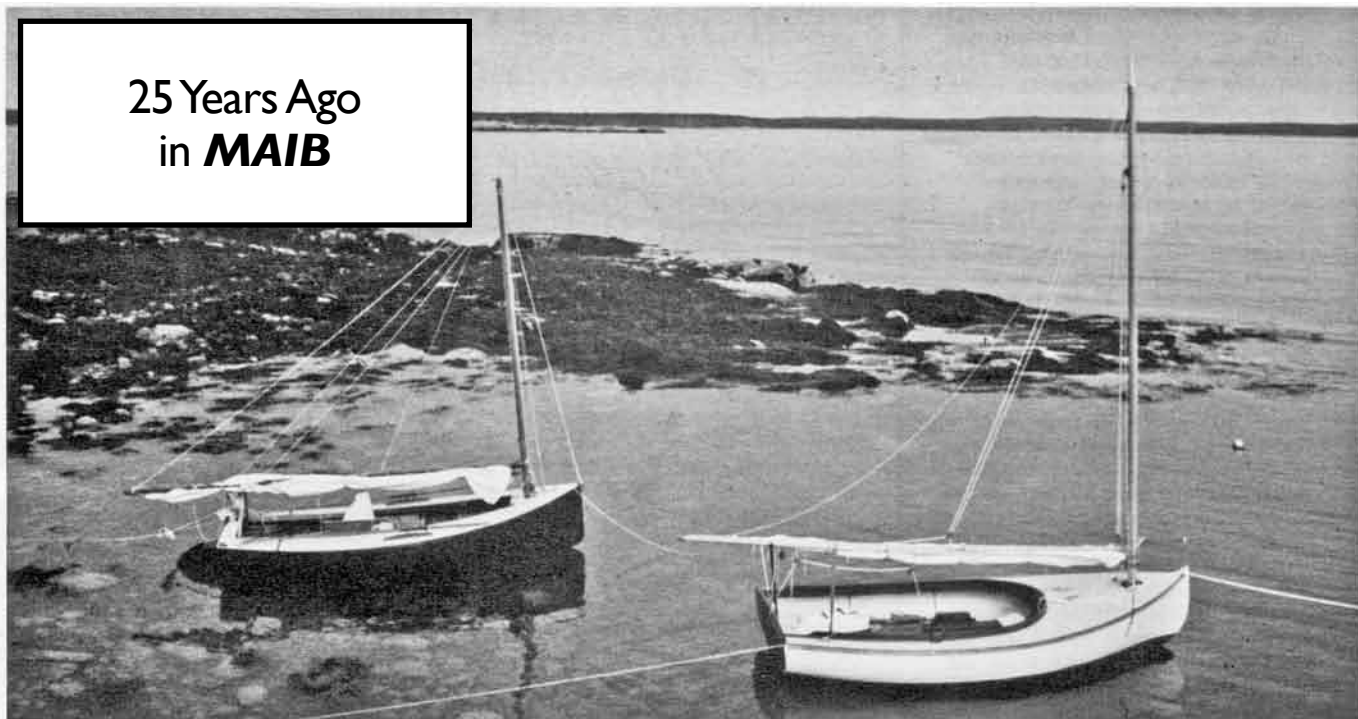
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Dave Getchell was right! Black Island is a great place to family camp in Muscongus Bay. We met a few years ago at Mystic Seaport when he came to speak when John Gardener was honored at the Yachting History Symposium. He had just finished saying what a fine correspondence he and John had over the years when I asked him which island on the Maine Island Trail he would recommend. Write him a letter and ask, he said, so I did. The beautiful response received listed many but recommended Black, so we were off.

The Island: Black is densely wooded with a trail around its high rocky shore. There are two campsites, one by a shingle beach and another a short walk away in amongst some lilac bushes where an old house used to stand. It is said to have a well, but its use is not recommended; we brought our own water. It is private, owned by the Island Institute, with a forever wild conservation easement. Access is allowed to members of the Maine Island Trail Association (call Cate Cronin in Portland (207) 761-8225 to join). Members must promise to clean up the island when they visit; others stop by once in a while to keep an eye on the place.

The Boats: The two "Cats" involved are small (15'), cold-molded, open catboats built for day-sailing and camp-cruising. Ours is Phil Bolger's "Harbinger" design which rows as well as sails; Pete Peters' is Joel White's "Marsh Cat" as modified by Mark Barto to have a tumble-home bow. Both good sailors, we regularly trade places in Traditional Small Craft Association races up and down the east coast. Most importantly they are trailerable, so we can "cruise" from state to state. They are also burdensome, readily accepting families of four and our assorted gear. It is a good thing, too, traveling out from New Harbor my boat looked like something from the "Grapes of Wrath".

In Town: As we trailered the boats into town, that oldest of good luck signs greeted us; a bright rainbow, a double-

Two Cats Loose in Muscongus Bay

By Bill Rutherford

ended one at that. It turned out to be true. The fog they had the previous week left, never to return. Mr. Sun shown brightly and clearly every day after burning off the morning mists and it rained only once, at night. Not bad for mid July.

Tired from our nine and ten hour drives from New Jersey and Pennsylvania, respectively, we pulled into the parking lot of the "Gosnold Arms", a beautiful inn with cottages on the north side of the harbor, above the old steamboat landing. Chris Phinney, the surprisingly youthful proprietor, who did not look anything like Bob Newhart, met us with a, "Hi, you must be the catboaters sailing to the islands," and showed us to our cabins. The girls, our Liz and Susan, ages 15 and 11, and Whitney and Cambridge Peters, ages 13 and 10, immediately moved into cozy and communal Pine Cottage, leaving the more formal Maynard cottage which has separate rooms and a view of the harbor to adults, Karen and I and Pete and Gretchen Peters, which we did not at all mind.

Our plan was to ease into the outdoors gradually, so the boats stayed on their trailers while we freshened up and headed directly for Shaw's Lobster Wharf. Lobster is a once-a-year thing for us and we had been looking forward to it all ride long. All expectations were met as we dipped chunks of lobster in drawn butter out on the back deck at Shaw's and watched the sun go down.

I bought a necklace at Shaw's, to the great good humor of the others. It was a brightly painted orange and white lobster

buoy. I wore it to remind myself to keep a Maine State of Mind all weekend. Others in the group quietly purchased ones before the end of the trip.

After supper we walked in two groups, kids and adults, down to the corner (about half a mile) for ice cream. We adults walked back more slowly; when we returned the girls were already playing charades. We all joined in; the shortest guess, surprisingly, was "The Sound of Music".

Breakfast was Maine blueberry pancakes, bed and breakfast style, in the main dining room of the Gosnold Arms. All agreed that staying in a B&B is a great way to start a camping trip.

After breakfast we hitched up and drove to the ramp at the west end of the harbor. At low tide, the ramp ends in mud rather than water. We flatlanders scratched our heads at this and discussed it with a local, "Punk" Gamage, a retired lobsterman and cruising yacht cook, who heartily recommended a tour of the Pemaquid Point Lighthouse while we waited for the tide to rise. We enjoyably took his advice and after our tour munched lunch sitting in the sun on the rocks out front of the lighthouse while the girls clambered down to the water.

Fortunately, we also stopped at O'Reilly's store and Hanna's Hardware at the crossroads to stock up on ice, water and most importantly, sets of red and white mackerel flies. Hanna's told us how to rig the flies, five at a time for trolling. They also threw in a broken clamming fork that we were not supposed to use without paying for a \$30 license (Punk had said, "I'm supposed to pay \$10 to go dig a mess of clams, and I live here."). We ended up not using the fork, but instead picked a fine mess of mussels right off the rocks.

Back at the ramp, the water was up and people began stopping by as we rigged the boats. Local boat builder/yacht deliverer Jim Austin was launching a beautiful Herreshoff dingy he was giving as a gift to one of his students, a young Frenchman

who was about to set sail for Argentina with his wife and six month old daughter. "They must trust me," he said. Kind of put our trip out to an island in perspective.

Artist Richard Hasenfus stopped by, out on a sunny day from his gallery in Wiscasset. As we messed about launching, he accomplished the only worthwhile work of the day by sketching a watercolor of a non-existent schooner in the harbor.

We loaded, packed, then piled our too-much stuff into our car while the traveling-light Peters wore their one set of layered clothes onto their boat and were ready to go. After a stop at the old steamboat landing to load even more stuff into our boat, we sailed together out of the harbor on a broad reach just as the lobstermen were coming home from their day of work.

The Sail Out: I had carefully plotted courses from buoy to buoy before we left home, but when we got out there were no buoys to be found that matched the ones on the chart. So much for not updating the chart using the "Notices to Mariners". In fact, one buoy #4 showed up where none were expected. This all caused much shouting back and forth between boats since we had no idea what Black Island actually looked like. How could we get lost on a bright, sunny day when we could see all the way to Monhegan?

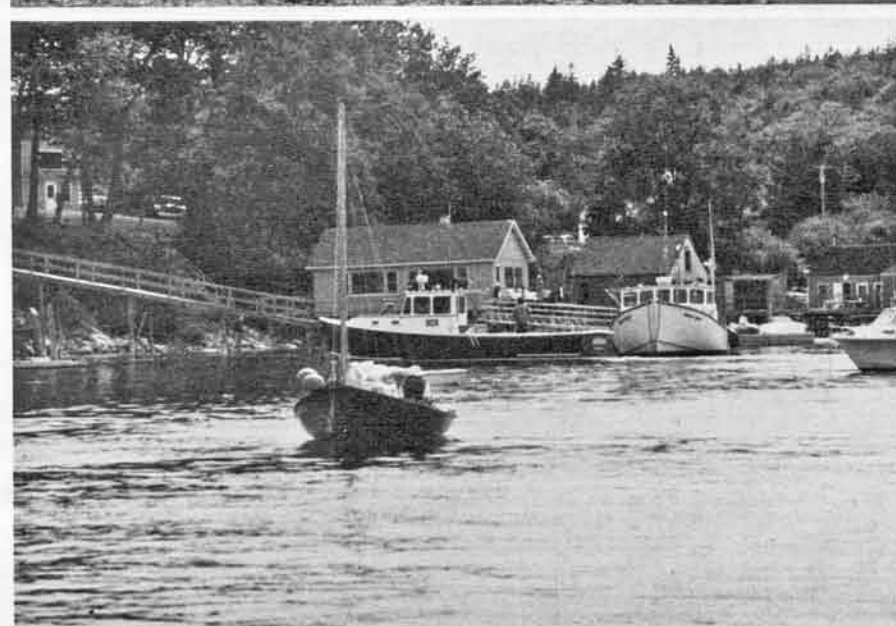
Part of the reason was all the fish we were catching! Those little red and white flies that Hanna's sold us worked great on mackerel. In our boat, Cambridge and Susan got tired after pulling in 32; Liz and Whitney in Pete's boat caught 40! All in a two hour sail. One time we pulled in four fish on the five flies on the line. I was the designated de-hooker while Karen steered. Needless to say, we got excited and forgot to keep track of which island was going by.

The Island: Pete spied the dry ledges south of Black Island, however, and we identified Harbor Island across from it from the tall masts of the yawls that were moored there for the night. We landed on the shingle beach in a protected cove on the northwest corner of the island just after high tide. We unloaded the boats and got a surprise when we tried to push them back out again but got hung up on the big rocks below the beach. These tides are not only tall, but they are fast. We were hard aground.

The boats spent the night at odd angles on the rocks below the shingle beach. It would have been better to have just left them on the beach to float again at high tide early the following morning.

We were comfortable, however, having the island to ourselves (it was a Thursday night). We set up our kitchen at the beach and tents over at Lilac campsite on the northeast corner of the island. Our four tents nestled in the lilacs above the ledge rock shore so well that they could not be seen from the water.

Dinner was by the Rutherfords that night. We did not keep any of the fish; the one big one we caught early, so I figured that there would be more larger ones to come, but that was not the case, so we sat down to hamburgers, baked beans and fresh vegetables with Pepperedge Farm cookies for desert. It was dark by the time we finished so the girls made a driftwood fire below the water line at a place where



From the top: Launching the Gull; boats on a beach; motoring down the channel.



one had been made before. The Maine Island Trail Association prefers no fires, but if one must, one like ours.

At 5:30a.m. the unmuffled lobster boat exhausts woke us up as they checked their pots in the channel right beside our camping spot. They came by all morning; the whole bay was peppered with their brightly colored buoys. Two-way radios shouted above the engine noise; one boat with rock and roll music waved to us watching on the shore.

After a breakfast of Cheerios and canned peaches with hot coffee from Pete's gas stove (the girls had bagels), we explored the island. Pete organized a hike to a star-fish pool and Gretchen found a mussel bar. I went for a solo sail in an unburdened boat.

Lunch was yogurt for me and crackers and cheese for the others. We did not eat a lot of fancy food. The girls hiked around the island, climbing the rock ledges, finding a new, speckled fawn and starfish of every possible color.

Friendship: The afternoon activity was a sail to the town of Friendship, just a few islands to the north. The big girls and Gretchen sailed with me in our boat. They caught another dozen mackerel in the way over. Karen and Susan went with Pete and Cambridge in their boat; Susan steered the whole way, which was a first for her. Pete was so relaxed that he dozed off and started to snore. Susan felt great to be in command.

Friendship is a real lobsterman's town and they were all coming into the harbor as we cruised through. There were also a couple of Friendship Sloops (naturally) and a beautiful Rosinante ketch moored in the harbor. On the way back we hugged the shore, sailing near an occupied Osprey's nest on marker #9 and seeing the adults drop feet-first into the water after their prey, pulling flapping fish from the dark blue water as they worked their wings to remain airborne, outlined against a forest of deep green.

Back in the cove, we rigged anchor systems so we could run the boats out on pulleys to float over anchors. My new line which seemed long enough at home was about half as long as needed; it finally dawned on my limited wit to tie on my spare main sheet line and pull the boat out with the combined length. Great idea, except I forgot to tie the other end to the boat, so once out there, I could not get it back. Fortunately, Pete brought his Gloucester Gull dory along. It saved me a swim in some mighty cool water.

It was the Peters family's turn to cook that night, and they really put on a spread. Hors d'oeuvres were steamed mussels that were so tender that they literally melted in our mouths. Gretchen's and Karen's efforts on collecting them and washing them really paid off. The main course was marinated chicken (the secret marinade was Four Seasons salad dressing). After supper the girls hiked around the island again (what energy!) while us old-timers collapsed. Upon their return, the girls built us a nice dry fire again below the waterline, but I, for one, dozed off, stretched right out on the ledge rock. A light rain about 10 pm (our only rain) roused me enough to crawl into a sleeping bag. The rain made a cozy sound on the roof of the tent.

From the top: Breezing across the bay; anchoring at the island; the island beach and cove.

The next morning we awoke to lobster boats roaring in a light mist around the island. Our two boats sat in the center of our cove at low tide like two ducks in a nest. Perhaps they were too close though, as they bumped in the night; probably not enough scope on my anchor. Those seven foot tides demand respect.

Two sea kayakers had joined us in the night. Plenty of room for all. After our usual breakfast we started taking down our tents and packing for the trip back. Pete and Gretchen had less to pack, so they went for a walk and were rewarded by spending about fifteen minutes watching a seal watch them off the channel side of the island.

The Sail Back: Loading all our gear at low tide was a chore, but by lunch we were ready. The sun was out and on again-off again northwest breeze promised to be favorable. We wanted to sail down to Easter Egg Rock to perchance see a puffin from the colony recently re-started there, but our wind gave out. Rowing around an island headland we broke an oar, but the northwesterly came back and we headed towards New Harbor.

We spotted the bell buoy at the entrance, slid over the shallows north of the entrance to the consternation of a resident who thought we were deep draft, and ghosted up New Harbor to the ramp where Pete and Gretchen greeted us with cold beer and sodas. Great Friends!

Back in New Harbor: After pulling out, we returned to the Gosnold Arms and our cozy cabins. Karen and Pete rowed the harbor in the dory shooting photos in the evening light. They in particular caught a *Muscongus Bay Punt* both in and out of the water (a sheet of plywood bent around a frame to form a round-bottomed box locals use to scull out to their moorings). Later Pete and Cambridge, working as a father/daughter team, made a smaller version that fits inside their catboat's cockpit for travelling. Pete even raced it at St. Michaels, but that's another story.

The rest of us took long, hot showers. Supper was more of those \$9.95 lobster dinners at Shaw's. We retired early.

Refreshed, the following morning we breakfasted again in the main dining room of the Gosnold Arms on hearty Maine blueberry pancakes and drank in the view, lit from the left by the morning sun. A fitting leave-taking for me was a dory row up the harbor in the clear morning light, past fishhouses coming alive with lobstermen stacking their traps. Pete was waiting patiently at the ramp to take the dory out and rest it atop the van for the long trip home.

On Back Home: After a quick stop at O'Reilly's for post cards, it was point the rig south to Mystic, Connecticut to drop off Liz and Whitney for a week of sailing at the Seaport Sailing School. Then it was time for good-byes and drive on down I-95 to Pennsylvania and New Jersey, already thinking about next year and how to stow less gear in the same amount of space. Great fun! Good thinking material for all winter long.



From the top: On the rocks; *Muscongus Bay punt* in New Harbor; loading up for home.

Most of the towboats on the upper Mississippi River have crews that are pretty professional. The deck crew has to know what they are doing and they have to work with the pilot or captain. They are moving some very heavy cargos that can weigh as much as 25,000 or 26,000 tons.

A 15 barge tow, common on the upper river, is nearly 1200' long and 105' wide. All of the locks below Minneapolis are 110' wide and either 600' or 1200' long. Oil tows are often wider and can be a very close fit.

On a very rare occasion a skipper will bring a boat down the wall with the head of the tow 2' off the wall and the mate talking him in. When things are going right the boat glides down the wall at 2mph and a lock man is walking down the wall at a slow walk carrying the eye of a 3" mooring line, the mate is talking to the captain keeping him posted as to their distance off the wall and their distance to the end of the outer wall. As long as the distance off the wall is less than 5' and the stern is also close to the wall, they keep on coming ahead.

Most often the pilot chooses to take a more cautious approach and will try to get the head of the tow close enough to the wall so the lock man can get a heaving line across to the tow and the mooring line can be sent across to the wall. The standard bowline on a tow is 300' long. The crew now has a line across but they do not instantly pull the head to the wall. The normal procedure is to take a wrap or two with the line around a kevel or timber head and keep the line snug as the skipper works the stern around.

The goal is to get the tow to the wall stern first. No experienced pilot wants to have the stern of his tow out the current. He doesn't want a 1200' tow broadside across the front of a dam.

The normal landing is more like this. The lockman catches a line and carries it half-way down the wall, at which time the pilot is getting nervous because the stern is farther out than he likes, so a line gets wrapped on a bollard on the wall and the mate and helpers keep the line only tight enough to give the pilot something to swing on. Often, as the stern is brought in, the bow heads out. Once the stern is close enough to the wall the slack is taken up on the head line and the boat lands on the wall stern first.

The operation I describe can be very time consuming but then so can repairing broken lock gates. I never criticized a man for using caution.

I have seen a few April nights spent on the upper wall helping a boat in during a snowstorm while fighting high water. I have more than once watched a mate play out the

Sea Stories & Tall Tales

By Mississippi Bob

Line Handling the Way the Big Boys Do It

whole 300' of line and the stern didn't come around. So then it's thrown off on command and the crew hauls in the whole 300' of wet freezing line while the pilot backs upriver a mile to start a new approach.

I have often seen a tow moving down the wall at a good walking pace with the head leaving the wall every 200' so the mate would have to check it in again. A lot of 3" line can get burned up that way. The surface of a line that has been burned takes on a glossy look. The surface of the polypropylene that it is made of melts from the friction of passing over the bitts and hardens again as soon as it is clear. I could look at the bow line of a tow and tell what kind of pilot I was working with.

Yes, I said polypropylene, a product called Polly D. No towboat crew will use lines made of nylon or other high stretch fibers. They are killers. When a line gets stretched out to 140% of its length before it breaks, the ends snap back and can clear the deck as well as an old 12-pounder cannon.

The preferred deck hardware to make a line up on is a kevel, a very large cleat. It is less likely to foul than the timberheads found on most barges. Timberheads (often called bitts by non rivermen) are vertical round posts set up in pairs. They are knee high and about 8"-10" in diameter. They hold lines very well unless the line leads up at a steep angle from the post, then it can foul. They can still be used but many folks seem to have a hard time learning how.

Kevels are nearly foolproof. Good ones are 3'-4' across. They need to be large to fit 3" lines. Most small boats have cleats that are too small for the line that should be used. The rules are the same regardless of size.

Never take a full turn around a cleat, I mean NEVER. It will jam. I don't care if it is a towboat kevel or a 4" cleat on a runabout, it should be handled in the same way. Whichever way the line leads, run the line under the horn at the farther end of the cleat with the line coming toward you. Now cross over the top at the center and around the other horn again with the line coming toward you from under the horn. This single wrap creates a lot off friction.

When using a cleat to stop a boat, only the first two wraps will probably be used. Holding tension on this hitch can create a lot of friction which will stop a boat in a short distance. A second set of wraps will provide most of the holding power built into the line. Any more turns will cause the line to break. With this hitch there is very good control over the tension on a line. With the second set of wraps care must be taken to let the line ease out as needed well short of its parting under too much tension. When all forward way is off the boat it is advisable to ease the line so as to not send the boat back from where it came.

For years the experts on boating, the Coast Guard Auxiliary and the Power Squadron, have been giving classes on locking through. While I was a lockman I put together a slide presentation about locking through and offered it to both groups. I did a good presentation for each but they never had me back. I said different things from what they had been preaching for years and they could not accept what I said.

Both groups preached "never, never tie up at a lock." They never said "learn to do it right." They never attempted to teach how to handle a line. They seemed unconcerned to see the lady of the boat tear skin off her hands trying to stop a boat by her hand power alone.

I know that what I said did not set well when I suggested that they should wait for lockage much closer in and when they got the green light they should come in much faster. I was really fed up with boats coming into view of my lock and stopping far off to wait for a green light. They had others stopping three miles out to wait, then doing that last three miles at no wake speed, only after I gave them the green light. I spent the last half of my lockman career teaching where I would like them to wait and to then come in as fast as they could without creating a wake.

Not everyone was happy with the way I ran my shifts. I tried to give the best service I could to the largest number of boaters. Once in a while I closed the gates on someone approaching my lock at no wake speed still a mile off. I gave service then to those already in the lock and those waiting on the other side.

OK, I got sidetracked from my real point that I'm making, that is to learn to take advantage of your lines and use them wisely. All the deck hardware should be clear and ready to use, never committed to functions that can be dealt with hours later. The same should be said for lines, don't commit them to only one function, keep them clear and the boat handling line use flexible.



PLACE YOUR BETS

With the Supreme Court ruling lifting the federal ban on sports betting, college sports—including rowing—are now fair game. Could the forces that ended our sport's professional era ruin it again?

When the Supreme Court's ruling that lifted the federal ban on sports betting went into effect in May 2018, 11 states legalized sports betting, including New York, New Jersey, and Nevada. The ruling was based primarily on the idea that a federal ban infringed on states' rights to regulate their own activities. Seven more states have also passed a law to make sports betting legal, but they are pending a launch date. And 24 states have pending legislation that would allow sports betting. The debate over whether there should be betting on sports practiced by humans, as opposed to dog or horse racing, is a long one. Proponents argue that the government should stay out of people's lives, while opponents point to the ease with which gamblers could affect the outcomes of athletic contests. The issue is complicated by the fact that many states use proceeds from legal gambling (including state lotteries) for schools. In an era where funding for desirable programs is hard to find, a tax on sports betting seems like an easy, everyone-wins proposition.

To a certain extent, the lifting of the ban is simply a recognition that there is already extensive betting on sports. Pick up any newspaper's Saturday or Sunday edition and you can find a point spread on the latest college football or NFL games. Baseball and basketball also attract bettors. Sports betting scandals seem to be a thing of the past. The Chicago Black Sox threw the World Series in 1919, losing to the Cincinnati Reds. Paul Hornung, the golden boy running back of the champion Green Bay Packers, was suspended for a year in 1963 for betting and associating with gamblers. Slightly more recently, Pete Rose was banned from baseball for betting on games in which he was playing or managing.

You have to go back pretty far to find the era when betting influenced rowing. As Robert F. Kelley, *New York Times* reporter, and author of *American Rowing*, published in 1932, wrote, "It was inevitable that these men (professional scullers), who attracted great crowds and whose purses grew in size, should gather about them the type of human being who has always, in this country at least, sought out sport as a means of making an easy living. (These) professional gamblers...destroyed the sport on which these parasites were living."

Professional racing attracted huge crowds, drawn by rivalries between hometown favorites and the buzz that newspapers created.

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STORY BY Andy ANDERSON - IMAGES Bill MILLER

That's the story that many of us grew up with. Rowing, a spectator sport so popular in the 19th century that crowds of up to 100,000 were not uncommon for the big races, was corrupted by gambling. It slunk off into the shadows and became in the United States, at least, almost completely a collegiate, amateur sport. The golden age of professional rowing was from 1862-1890.

Professional racing attracted huge crowds, drawn by rivalries between hometown favorites and the buzz that newspapers created. The closest thing we have to it today might be the excitement that a championship boxing match or tennis final can incite. Betting was an important part of the attraction for the crowds and huge amounts of money were wagered. In the 1880 race in London between Canada's Edward "Ned" Hanlan, the famous "Boy in Blue," and Australia's Edward Trickett, there was at least \$100,000 Australian dollars and \$42,000 Canadian bet by the crowd. To give those numbers some context, the annual salary of the president of a Canadian company who attended the regatta was \$1,500. Working class salaries averaged \$15 for a 60-hour week.

The prize money for the competitors was substantial. At the low end, scullers who might be called semi-pros could race for \$50, \$75, or \$100, at least a month's wages for tradesmen. A high-end race, like the one that Walter Brown won in 1866 in Portland, Maine, had a purse of \$1,000. There were also races for doubles, pairs, and fours. But because the bigger boats would require splitting the purse, single sculling was at the top of the professional rowing world.

Distances varied; most were between three and five miles. In theory, fairness was important. But out of town scullers knew that hometown heroes would have every advantage. Boats piloted by spectators frequently cut in front of the racers, making them dodge around these obstacles. Each sculler usually was followed by a barge rowed by eight oarsmen and a partisan trainer or two; these men would shout encouragement to their own man and trash talk their opponents. In one of Ellis Ward's races on the Harlem River in New York, "he had to dodge four barges that went at full speed for him, and, all else failing, the boats massed at the finish so that he could not cross on the proper side of the stake-boat, and then the opponents claimed that the race should not be given to him because he had not finished in the correct

place." (Samuel Crowther in *Rowing & Track Athletics*, 1905)

Furthermore, Crowther writes, "It was the universal custom for the leading boat to give the nearest competitor the 'wash' and every trick possible was played. The referee was the sole judge, and if he decided a race a draw, no matter what the outcome had been, the bets were off, and there are several recorded cases where such a decision was given simply because the home crew had been heavily backed and had lost."

Although the purses and prizes for the winners were substantial, they were usually supplemented by side bets made by either the scullers themselves or their trainers. It was possible for a sculler to earn three to four times the purse through kickbacks from bets placed by his handlers. Did the oarsmen themselves engage in unethical practices to make money for themselves and their backers? A number of races certainly made it look like they did.

Hanlan and Courtney

No sculler was more important to the age of professionals than Toronto's Ned Hanlan, who began racing professionally at age 19. At 5'8" and 150 pounds, he was not a very imposing figure. He grew up on the waterfront and first sculled at age five. He was one of the first scullers in North America to adopt recent innovations to equipment, the sliding seat from England and swivel oarlocks from the United States. His first big race was the Centennial Regatta in Philadelphia in 1876, billed as "The Championship of the World." One afternoon during practice the Ward brothers, fine oarsmen who dominated pairs racing, noticed that "a little runt in a blue shirt" had been keeping up with their four. Hanlan won the five-kilometer race in record time, rowing like "a small steam engine hissing through the water," according to Toronto's *Globe*, and returned home a legend in the making.

Charles Courtney, who grew up in Union Springs, N.Y., and rowed on Lake Cayuga, learned quickly that there was more money in rowing than just the prize for winning. As a 23-year-old amateur in 1873, he was encouraged to race at Saratoga, one of the most important stops on the regatta circuit. The naive young man arrived in Saratoga with \$15 in his pocket, an amount he figured would last for at least three weeks. When the hotel clerk told him a room was \$3.50 a night, he was despondent. He raced out of that hotel, walked about and bumped into another hotelier. He met an old friend who was up for the races who bought him dinner and stepped back and watched him devour a huge meal. His friend told him that Mr. Moon, the hotel owner, would take care of him, so Courtney began to train out on the lake. One night he let on that he was worried he would have to return home before the races. He was running low on funds. Moon assured him that he would take care of him.

The race came and Courtney shot ahead of his 12 competitors. He won by a quarter mile in a course record—

faster than the professional mark. That particular race did not have any betting out in the open; the Young Men's Christian Association was making an effort to clean up the gambling that was so common at regattas. When young Courtney went to pay his hotel bill, he was invited to settle up with Mr. Moon in a back room. Moon pulled out a roll of bills and counted out \$300 that he had won by betting furtively on Courtney. A Union Springs resident entered the room and volunteered that he had bet on the hometown boy, won \$600, and gave half to Courtney. "I felt like a Rothschild. I never had too much (*sic*) money before," Courtney remembered. Even amateurs made money.

Courtney was undefeated in 88 races as an amateur before turning pro in 1877. In his last amateur race, after having lunch at his hotel on race day, he asked for an iced tea. The proprietor volunteered to make him a glass himself and returned from the kitchen and handed it to Courtney. He drank only a few sips, saying, "That's the worst tea I ever drank." He rose from his chair, vomited, and collapsed. There was widespread belief that gamblers had bet against Courtney and had planned for the poison to hit him during the race, but it had acted too quickly. He did not recover in time to race and his opponent rowed an uncontested time trial.

The First Hanlan-Courtney Race

No race was more important or controversial than the great race between Hanlan and New York state's Courtney. Courtney had turned professional and there was considerable talk about arranging a race between him and Hanlan. They agreed to race five miles in October of 1878 in Lachine, Quebec, near Montreal, and went into training in September. The press from both countries wrote daily about the preparations. Thousands of spectators watched from the riverbanks and hundreds of thousands of dollars were said to have been bet. Hanlan took a slight lead in first half of the race but Courtney stayed right with him as they turned at the halfway point. (Races that required the competitors to turn around a stake and race back to the start/finish line were very common in this era.)

Hanlan made a perfect turn and pulled out to some open water, provoking huge cheers from the crowd. But the bigger Courtney, at 6'0" and 166, caught Hanlan with one mile to go. Both sculled at 32 and sprinted for the finish, bows trading the lead with every stroke. Near the finish several boats had drifted inside the line of booms that marked the approach to the end and Hanlan suddenly found himself jammed against one of these. He eased off. Courtney looked over and, seeing Hanlan slow down, almost stopped rowing himself. Hanlan freed himself and shot over the line, a length and a quarter ahead of Courtney. Hanlan was declared the winner, but not without a great deal of controversy. Hanlan won several more races over the next year while the public cried for a rematch.

Dirty Deeds in the Second Race

After considerable dithering, both men agreed to a five-mile rematch on Chautauqua Lake near Buffalo. To be held on October 8, 1879, the purse was \$6,000, the biggest amount ever offered. (In buying power, that is about \$150,000 in 2019 dollars.) Crowds poured into the area, but on the morning of the race, Courtney's two shells, which had been locked in a barn, were found sawed nearly in half. The outcry and the accusations of wrongdoing have probably never been equaled in any other sporting event in this country. Hanlan's backers said that Courtney was afraid to race and had arranged for the shells to be destroyed. Courtney's proponents argued that Hanlan had feared the rematch and had ordered the boats to be wrecked.

Rumors swirled. One theory claimed that Courtney's backers had refused to accept the race in the first place unless Hanlan allowed their man to win. Hanlan's backers had agreed to this, so went the story, and the plan had been to double cross his rival and win anyway. When Hanlan's men tried to place a bet on him, Courtney's men realized that Hanlan meant to win; they panicked and sawed the boat in half. For their part, Courtney's men claimed that they had been offered the entire purse if Courtney would race to a draw, but the American had refused and so Hanlan's men destroyed his boats.

This wasn't the first time that there had been monkey business in professional sculling, but because it came before the

biggest race of either's career, it created huge shock waves. The two men were supposed to have a decisive third race, but on a very hot day in May 1880 on the Potomac River, with Hanlan leading comfortably, Courtney stopped rowing and claimed to be sick. Courtney retired from racing and took over as Cornell's head coach, leading them to unparalleled success, winning the IRA varsity championship in 14 of 24 years. Courtney's misfortunes were ample evidence that if there was money to be made from betting, gamblers would stop at nothing to influence the races.

Hanlan the Champion

Hanlan continued his successes and reached the pinnacle of his career in 1880 with a victory over Edward Trickett, a giant of a man at 6'4" and 170 pounds, who scoffed at Hanlan and called himself the world's champion, based on a race that he had won on the Thames in 1876. The race was held on the Thames in England and featured a prize of 400 pounds (48,000 today.) All across the English-speaking world, there were articles in the press comparing the two scullers. Hanlan's supporters were confident that his superior technique and training would best Trickett's size and strength. Hanlan boasted, "If I don't kick him around the river, then my name isn't Edward Hanlan."

In the race, it was reported that Hanlan took command easily and stayed ahead of his rival while engaging in some "trick rowing," paddling with only one scull, laying all the way back in



his boat, waving and saluting his fans, and generally belittling the bigger Australian. He met up with another sculler on the river and they paddled along chatting with each other while Trickett came slowly back. Finally, Hanlan sprinted and won by three lengths. So much money had been bet and lost by the sizeable contingent of Australians who had travelled to England that many of them could not afford the return trip home. Money had to be wired for their passage.

Hanlan continued his unbeaten streak until 1884, winning races in England, the U.S., Canada, and Australia. But his supporters were tiring of his showboating; he was risking their money and thought to be irresponsible. He finally lost to William Beach, an Australian, in Sydney on August 16, 1884. Although only 29 years old, Hanlan's many years of excess and the carelessness of his training in later years had caught up with him. "I ate and drank what I liked, and I beat 'em," he said.

In his declining years, Hanlan was caught in an uproar that showed, in the words of *The New York Times*, "Professional rowing appears to have fallen to the lowest depths of jobbery." Two years previously when he had raced John Teemer, Hanlan made public some letters that showed Teemer in a bad light. After naming his price of \$1,500, Teemer had written, "you don't need to be afraid of me. If you are not in condition, I will do anything you ask me to do to make you win the race." Now, in 1897 at the end of his long career, Hanlan proposed to race Teemer again. It seems likely that Teemer did not understand Hanlan's indignation at those old letters; this was the way the pros had been behaving for a long while. In his defense, Teemer said, "(My backer) came to me before the race and told me not to win it, and I did not win because he said so."

The New York Times opined, "This is the man whose challenge Hanlan now accepts. If the proposed race takes place, how can the public know that it will be honestly rowed? Are all these professional oarsmen only so many puppets in the hands of speculators (who) generally obey the instructions of the gamblers who manage them and who lay plans for deceiving and fleecing simple-minded outsiders who believe they are encouraging honest rivalry and enjoying honest battles of muscle and skill?" The column whips up the issue by concluding, "When Hanlan defeated Gaudaur (who had taken the Canadian title from Hanlan), the beaten oarsman's backer frankly acknowledged that he had directed his man to come in second. And yet thousands of people will attend such races, risk money upon their favorite, and yell until they are hoarse, although the result has been predetermined by correspondence or by a bargain made in the back room of some saloon."

The New York Times 10 years earlier had lashed out that "The reports of the race between Hanlan and Gaudaur show to what depths professional rowing has fallen. The suspicion that the race had not been honestly pulled was confirmed by the admission of Gaudaur's backer that he had directed his man to come in second. Hanlan himself, once regarded as an oarsman

who would not soil his reputation by jobbery or by association with jobbers" was now proposing a race with the very man who he claimed had offended him by offering to do whatever he wanted in a race.

By 1900, professional rowing was all but dead in the United States. The huge crowds that had lined the waterways of the country looked elsewhere for entertainment. Gamblers fixed their eyes on horse racing and boxing. Gambling wasn't the only reason that rowing faltered, of course. Baseball and other team sports were gaining in popularity.

The Path Forward

What effect might legalized sports betting have on rowing in the 21st century? It's hard to imagine that it could compete with our well-established televised professional sports for the betting dollar. In an America where pro sports are contested and watched by diverse audiences, would rowing draw attention? Furthermore, collegiate eights for men and women, not easily-manipulated single sculls, are the premier events in rowing. They would require splitting any prize monies. In England, it is possible to bet on the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race at any one of the countless betting shops. But I am assured by those in the know that there has never been any funny business in this event. The bond that forms between the rowers through the long training seasons is thought to be so strong that no one would think of letting a teammate down and not giving their all.

I'm of two minds about the whole issue. On the one hand, if there were to be betting on races at the IRA or Eastern Sprints or between California and Washington or any of the other great rivalries, wouldn't most of us put some money down? Suppose newspapers gave odds on the Harvard-Yale Race? I'm not sure that it would be all bad. It might lead to more press and television coverage.

On the other hand, in 2016, I sat on the Thames River's edge at Henley and watched in astonishment as Hannes Obreno of Belgium defeated the great Mahé Drysdale in the final of the Diamond Sculls. The New Zealander would win the Olympic gold medal six weeks later and Obreno would come in fourth, six seconds behind. Suppose there was widespread betting at Henley? Would I not be justified in thinking that Drysdale was tanking the race, presumably for a big payday? Thank goodness that possibility never entered my mind.

Betting probably won't ever affect rowing again. Did the end of big money purify our sport? I'd like to think so. ▣

Rowing historian Bill Miller provided images from his collection and a great deal of information for this piece.

A BETTER, FROM STEUBEN CO.

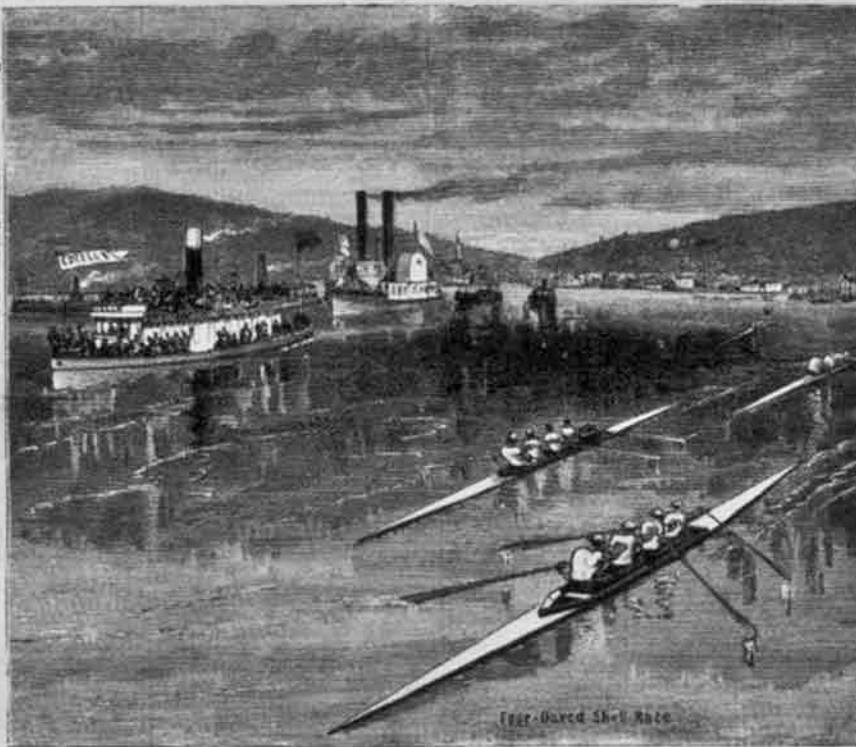


SCENE AT THE DEPOT

IN FOR A DAY'S PLEASURE



"ARE-YOU-READY?"



Four-Oared Shell Race



AN AMERICAN CHAIRMAN



A SENECA LAKE WATER MILL



THE FAVORITE

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE FIRST ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE WAYNE AND SENECA LAKE ROWING ASSOCIATION.—DRAWING BY JOSEPH BUCKLEY.—SEE PAGE 24.



Meandering the Texas Coast

The Fox

By Michael Beebe

This morning the Fox is on my mind, the first name being Uffa. An Englishman, a very accomplished Englishman, and I esteem him highly. I have one of his sailboat designs he put forth for the O'Day Corporation years ago. Sold as the Javelin, I refer to mine as the Fox, hopefully giving honor where honor is due. The insides have been rearranged to accommodate my preferences, I can do this because I've no regard for resale nor am I thinking about selling to the masses. A few years back I sold it to a young doctor and his wife. He sold it back to me and the high hopes I had for it soon faded and I passed it on. Tired and burned out, not wanting another project, I passed it on.

Well, I got over that personal hump and low! The Fox came home to roost once again. With the newly found energy a final shot at another chance for going forward is being formulated. That may not be a good thing, time will tell, but I'm ready once again to roll the dice.

A sloop rig, as she came from the factory, and accompanying space for another mast step further forward for either a lugsail or junk rig. It'll be the lugsail for starters. She was once a lug when before in my keeping. The insides are still washing around in my head but they are coming together. Down the line I'll have some pictures but not now.

In one response to a recent story of mine a young woman explained how inspired she was, not per se by what I'd written, but for its reminding her of an earlier incident in her life that spurred her on to go for things she thought weren't within her grasp, but found they were, and with the encouragement that her reading brought, accomplishments soared. Ah, the sparks of inspiration.

Turn off the hearing aids, figuratively, encourage others. Go sailing, write.

Where'd the Fox go?

Capsized

After the fact all the could ofs, should ofs and would ofs won't prevent the next one, but the first over makes the second, third and so on, easier to digest. Yesterday's was my second capsize, or was it my third? The first, though, in colder water. Being at most three, please don't look to me for any tips. My experience is about nil on this subject. The colder water made this one a little dicier, nearer to the heart. And it really wasn't all that cold. Not like the north country. My niece, at half my age, took it pretty good. We're still on talking terms.

The dicey part, one doesn't just yet want to spend too much time there. More so if the imagination is free to roam. Best just to say, it didn't happen and leave it at that for the time being. I think back many years when my young daughter and I were coming back

from Catalina in a blow and a half. The "what could have happened" still chills the spine. But it didn't and it didn't yesterday.

So get back on the horse and get on out there. Easy enough to say and do except that time has sent my niece on down the road. I'll have to go alone. My wife asked if the boat was repairable, the bait stand owner said the mast stump was rotten, the fishing guide who took me back out to retrieve the sailing dinghy said, "Just cut 4" off, it'll be fine." I just may do that.

"What do we do, Uncle Mike?" my niece asked.

"Think!" I replied, "Think!"

"Oh, I wish the cell phones were useable!" She replied.

"The Coast Guard will be here soon," I said, offering comfort. They do fly by quite often, the local airport is where they train their pilots.

Incredulity laced her voice, "They haven't even been notified!"

A fishing guide beat the calvary, or in yesterday's case, the Coast Guard. Another fishing boat standing by was the ride we took in. The ride in was on an old Fish and Game boat, auction bought, being skippered by Ronnie, the leader of the clan. Aboard are his two sons, one married and the fourth a seven year old grandson. The seven year old starts playing matchmaker with the damsel in distress and his bachelor uncle. One just never knows.

The first guy relayed the coordinates to the Coast Guard. Even stopped by the house late into that evening just to check. Nice guy. Before the first on the scene showed up at the house that evening we stumbled upon Fish and Game who told us they were glad to see us, knew we had capsized and was wondering about us? Yeah, wondering? Wondering because they had been told we'd been picked up already. They had fish to measure as the sportfishers came back from their day on the water.

How had they heard about us? Was told the Rockport Police Department noti-



fied them. This morning at the office another guide said the incident was on FaceBook, this was getting better than the evening news. The coordinates were posted so the early morning duck hunters could avoid the boats bow, which now was sticking out of the water.

"Was that you?" the fishing guide asked, stopping midway through the door of early morning What-a-burger. The 24' Carolina Skiff drifted down upon the half sunk O'Day Javelin, engine off, the guide sets his anchor saying "I think you won't have to get in the water to tie onto the bow eye after all." He's correct. Tied now to the dinghy he asks for a life vest and ties it to his anchor line for future retrieval. "Make sure you've got enough line, it'll go quick, the wind is pushing." Then we pull the boat to shallow water and bail. This guide's boat handling is superb, garnered from many years on the water. Thank you Lord.

The line parts once getting to shore, causing the guide to use a bigger line than the 1/2" line I brought along, for the tow in. The slow tow back had me in the Javelin keeping it from becoming squirrely. Best I was there, the bailing needed doin' from time to time with the spray from without and the centerboard trunk leaking around the top from past fitting being removed, squirting water constantly through the centerboard hold up bolt for when being trailered.

She's back on her trailer where she'll be for a while. The repairs and other attention which was shown needed will be tended to. She'll sail again, I know she will. It'll be nice. The niece, she'll sail again as well, I'm sure of that.

So just what happened? The wind was south, we were on the north side of Mud Island in its lee. The wind was just reaching 20mph. While on the beach the wind began its whistling in the rigging. Thought about reefing, didn't, first mistake. Because of the shallows, the 50# centerboard was mostly up when getting to deeper water, when I lowered it, I did not put it down all the way, #2. Me at the tiller, I should have had the niece drop the main, should have, we traded spots, #3. The boat went into irons with the timidity of inexperience, her I think on the downhill side, #4. The gust, when coming out of irons sent us over. My galley box, not watertight, did not keep the stern up, #5. In the past it had done its job, the situation changed just enough to render it useless. There were a few other bad calls as well, all of them hanging over my head.

My time on the internet for three days is flotation placement. We skated again by the grace of God. Humble pie never has a good taste to it but it does sober up one's thoughts. Part of the adventure was getting beat up. I've multiple welts from mosquitoes, black biting flies and other critters but it was nice. My left ankle is swollen, fingers stiff, sore back, but it was fun.

The Sailing Trip

The Texas Coast, very, very, sorry to say, came late in life for me. The stunning beauty of its estuaries, bayous, natural lakes, multiple inlets along its lengthy coast, leaves one with an expression of "thank you Lord" for having experienced, again, just a few short years, too short, out and about in it.

Cathy mentioned being driven off island from Army Hole once by the black-flies, yes they bite. The beauty of it all keeps bringing her back. I understand. My only regret, yet again, is getting here late in life, grateful though, for the time here and the times yet to come.

We left the small launching ramp tucked in behind two small rock jetties at Magnolia Beach. The water mostly pushed out by the north wind, what remained could float the three small sailboats but not much else. First up were Cris and Cathy on a Shell boat, 12' I think. Daggerboard, not enough bite to stop leeway, the wind blew them into the rocks. Chris's quick work with oars, both for rowing and pushing off the rocks got them out into clear water.

Next up was Chuck and Gordo. Gordo fended the bow with an oar while Chuck tried getting the small two horse outboard untangled from the mizzenmast sheet line. Once cleared the little outboard pushed them through the opening.

My turn. I decided being a little wet was better than being blown against the rocks. I waded my small Widgeon 12' to the entrance, maybe 50 yards, and was on my way. On our way to Sunday Beach Pers and his daughter would be meeting us en route, they having launched from Port O'Conner. It was shallow sailing the closer we got to the outer island of Matagorda, the thin water extending out from the island caught a few of us from time to

time. The telltale sounds of the centerboard or leeboard telling its occupants the bottom was getting a bit close. In Cris and Cathy's sailboat their telling came with a stop, they handled it well and even had their dog aboard with them, a friendly guy.

Sunday Beach used to be bigger. Mr Harvey a couple of years back blew a new pass into the inner bay when he came through the area. Hurricanes do change things around when passing through. Somebody, I think, even referred the cut as "Harvey's."

Friday night the norther which had been blowing picked up in intensity. It blew that night. More water pushed out of the bays and, amazingly, out into the gulf. Three of the small boats, anchored ashore were now high and dry, I had pulled mine out from shore somewhat and the morning found me settling into the muddy bottom. Not much sleep that night. Warm in the bivy sack, every time I rolled or moved the boat in its mud berth would roll as well. Saturday night I slept ashore.

I decided to walk down to Pass Cavallo. The cold norther still blowing, it was a winter hat with attached earmuffs, gloves, foulie pants, several layers on top, and for company, a beautiful sunrise. The Cavallo Pass, in bygone years, was used by the sailing ships gaining entrance to Matagorda Bay and early Texas settlements within the bay. Standing there, seeing the pass, the surf, although small, showed promising signs of a surfers' paradise if all the conditions were right. With waves breaking right or left into the channel, it did give my mind a few rides.

Brings to memory, my brother once had a house rented on the strand in South Bay. From the front window a clear view of the

surf could be seen. I asked him, "How many waves do you ride from here?" He smiled, knowing just what I'd meant. Here I was 30 years later, gazing at Pass Cavallo thinking of him and much the same thing.

Later that day at Harvey Pass, I took my small Widgeon out through the first part of the Pass. The wind now was light, the surf still small, but as I got further out I could see every once in a while an outside wave would break on a sand bar further out, breaking all the way across the channel entrance. In the light winds, not wanting to get caught, I turned back.

Before that Pers and his daughter went for a row, the white pelicans were grouped together a few hundred yards away on an exposed sand bar waiting for their picture to be taken. Earlier than that, Chuck and I were standing on the side of the cut, he says he thought one could sail out through Harvey Pass. Doesn't take much to plant a seed. Hence my attempt, I could blame him, eh?

Saturday night, a fire on the beach, Cathy and Cris brought the fixin's for a feast, adding to those as well were the fish caught by three of them, Gordo being the third. At 50ish, his son still gets him out surfing. I turned in about 8:30, slept pretty good for half the night. The morning winds were very light from the east, I left while the others were just waking up. The sun rose while sailing across the flats, hardly making way at times, it was another treasure to tuck away in my mind.

My boat is slow. Chuck and Gordo left at noon and still beat me in. Well, maybe earlier than that. They sailed right to the dock, I stopped short and had to wade in. Beautiful sail, extremely nice people, my mind is already getting ready for the next sailing trip.



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Unmanned and Adrift

Juneau, Alaska: Sector watchstanders received a report via 911 dispatchers that a vessel had been found unmanned and adrift near the fuel docks north of the Juneau-Douglas Bridge. A Juneau Police Department officer and fuel dock employees were able to get a hold of the vessel and tie it off to the dock. The officer reported that the engine was running but not in gear.

A 45' Response-Boat Medium and crew from Coast Guard Station Juneau and an MH-60 Jayhawk Helicopter crew from Coast Guard Air Station Sitka launched in response and searched along the channel for four hours before the search was suspended at sunset.

Watchstanders contacted the vessel owner and a person who was reported potentially aboard, both stated they were safe. They had not been on the vessel and there were no other signs of distress or reports received. The vessel was relocated to the harbor. Watchstanders were unable to determine how the vessel became adrift.



Coast Guard Assists Trapped Turtles

A Coast Guard Station South Padre Island boat crew rescued three green sea turtles caught in 200 yards of illegal gill net fishing gear approximately a quarter mile north of the mouth of the Rio Grande River near Brownsville, Texas. Crews spotted the illegal gill net fishing gear with five blacktip sharks and eight sea turtles entangled. Of the wildlife recovered, three green sea turtles were alive and released back to their habitat. Gill net is a form of fishing gear consisting of a wall of netting with mesh sizes designed to allow fish to trap their heads through the netting and is illegal to use in Texas waters.



Coast Guard Assists Disabled Sailing Vessel

Miami, Florida: The Coast Guard and a good Samaritan vessel assisted a disabled 68' sailing vessel more than 420 miles east of Cape Canaveral. Coast Guard 7th District Command Center watchstanders received a report that the 68' sailing vessel, *Distant Drummer*, with six people aboard was disabled. The watchstanders issued an enhanced



Our Coast Guard in Action

group calling (EGC) message and contacted the automated mutual assistance vessel rescue (AMVER) motor vessel, *Sophie Schulte*, the Coast Guard Cutter *Bernard C. Weber* (WPC-1101) and guided missile destroyer *USS Winston S. Churchill* (DDG-81) to assist.

The vessel *Sophie Schulte* crew arrived on scene with the *Distant Drummer* and attempted to assist in repairing the sailing vessel's engine. The *Sophie Schulte* crew remained on scene until the cutter *Bernard C. Weber* crew arrived at and took the vessel in tow.

The cutter crew towed the sailing vessel to Fort Pierce where a Coast Guard Station Fort Pierce 45' Response Boat-Medium boat crew continued the tow to a safe harbor in Fort Pierce.

The cutter *Bernard C. Weber* is a 154' fast response cutter homeported in Miami. The *USS Winston S. Churchill* is a 510' *Arleigh Burke*-class destroyer homeported in Norfolk, Virginia.



23 New York Waterway Ferries Found Unfit

New York: The Coast Guard ordered 23 New York Waterway ferries to suspend service after a series of inspections found the vessels to be operationally unfit.

Coast Guard Sector New York marine inspections determined the 23 ferries had

damage or discrepancies significant enough to warrant a suspension of service. Two of those vessels have been reinspected and returned to normal operations.

New York Waterway currently operates 32 ferries in the New York area. Upon discovering multiple discrepancies during routine vessel inspections the Coast Guard conducted an inspection of 100% of the operational fleet, including 21 vessels on one Saturday.



Coast Guard Medevacs Man from Tug

St Petersburg, Florida: A Coast Guard Station St Petersburg 45' Response Boat-Medium crew medevaced a 53-year-old man from the 142' tug *ATV Legend* after the man reportedly fell down a ladder causing an injury to his right leg. Coast Guard Sector St Petersburg watchstanders received a medevac request from the captain of the tug. The Station St. Petersburg boat crew transported the man to Tampa General Hospital where he received further medical care.

"This case displayed the expertise of the mariners of the *ATV Legend* and our boat crew in creating a way to medevac the injured member," said Petty Officer 2nd Class Thomas Geary, a crew member on the case. "The quick thinking and adaptability of all ensured the person was stabilized and transferred to safety."



Surf Training Near San Francisco

Coast Guard Station Golden Gate 47' Motor Lifeboat crews conducted surf training near Ocean Beach in San Francisco, California. The crews train in high surf to ensure they are prepared to respond to maritime emergencies during rough weather conditions.

Mariners and beachgoers are encouraged to take the following precautions when heavy weather is forecast to protect themselves and their vessels:

Monitor the weather and heed all marine/weather warnings.

Double check mooring lines when securing boats and take precautions for items stored loosely aboard.

Secure all paddle craft so they do not end up in the water and cause a false distress call.

Recreational boaters, personal watercraft and paddle craft users are advised to stay off the water due to hazardous sea conditions.

Stay off rocks and jetties as waves can be unpredictable.

If mariners get underway they should create a float plan and send it to friends and families before getting underway, which consists of a description of the vessel, the number of people aboard, the destination and the expected return time.

Always wear a properly fitted life jacket when in the water and use VHF-FM channel 16 to notify rescuers in the event of an emergency.



Rescued from *Clam Chowder*

San Juan, Puerto Rico: The crew of a Coast Guard Air Station Borinquen MH-65 Dolphin helicopter rescued four men from a life raft after they were forced to abandon a sinking yacht, approximately 25 nautical miles northwest of Aguadilla, Puerto Rico. Rescued were four US citizens from Boston and Florida, in their 20s and 30s, who reportedly were the only persons traveling aboard the 80' yacht *Clam Chowder* when the vessel began taking on water and started sinking.

"This rescue highlights the importance of having proper survival gear and the thorough preparation by the crew of the *Clam Chowder*," said, Lt Carlos Gonzalez, MH-65 Dolphin helicopter co-pilot for the case. "Having lifejackets, VHF radios and a raft helped save four lives today."

Watchstanders at Sector San Juan received a VHF radio Channel 16 distress call from the *Clam Chowder*, reporting the vessel's stern was mostly underwater. Despite having multiple pumps energized, the crew could not keep up with the flooding. The *Clam Chowder* additionally reported losing power and listing to starboard at which point the Captain ordered the crew to abandon the vessel.

Watchstanders directed the launch of an Air Station Borinquen MH-65 Dolphin helicopter and diverted the fast response cutter *Robert Yered* (WPC-1104) to search for and rescue the boaters. Watchstanders also issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast UMIB to alert marine traffic in the area. The Maltese flagged 680' container ship *Calais Trader* received the UMIB and remained on scene during the rescue monitoring the situation and ready to provide rescue assistance.

The Coast Guard helicopter arrived on scene and located all four men safely aboard the life raft. The Coast Guard aircrew com-

pleted multiple hoists using a rescue basket to bring the survivors safely aboard the aircraft. One of the survivors reportedly severed his finger while releasing the life raft from the *Clam Chowder*. The survivors were transported to Air Station Borinquen where they were transferred to awaiting Customs and Border Protection and Emergency Medical Service personnel.



Bahamian Boaters Rescued

Miami, Florida: The Coast Guard, Royal Bahamas Defence Force (RBDF) and Royal Bahamas Police Force (RBPF) rescued two overdue Bahamian boaters approximately 60 miles west of the Bahamas. A Coast Guard Air Station Miami HC-144 Ocean Sentry airplane crew located the two boaters and observed the vessel was taking on water. The HC-144 crew dropped a dewatering pump, radio and two life jackets and contacted the Bahamian fishing vessel, *Wes Win*, to assist. The *Wes Win* crew embarked the two boaters and took the vessel in tow. The men were then transferred to a RBDF boat and crew and were taken to shore.

Coast Guard 7th District watchstanders received an agency assist request from the RBDF to support efforts to locate two boaters aboard a 20' center console who reportedly went out for a fishing trip and were supposed to return to home Sunday evening. The watchstanders directed the launch of an Air Station Miami HC-144 aircrew. A RBPF vessel and a private aircraft searched but were unable to locate the boaters.

"This rescue is a great example of the Coast Guard, interagency partners and the boating community working together to save lives," said Lt Cmdr. Justin Matejka, Coast Guard liaison officer for the Bahamas and Turks and Caicos Islands. "While the boaters who were rescued did a great job making it known where they'd be and when they'd be back, information that triggered the search in a timely fashion, lack of proper safety and communications equipment added unnecessary danger to their situation. Always to remember to properly prepare for any and all possible hazards you could face before taking to the sea."




PWC Missing Persons Rescued

Chicago, Illinois: The Coast Guard rescued two people from the water near Waukegan, Illinois, hoisted by an MH-60 helicopter aircrew from Air Station Traverse City. Watchstanders from Coast Guard Sector Lake Michigan received a report that the operator of a sailing vessel recovered an unmanned personal watercraft approximately three miles offshore Lake Forest Park Beach two and half hours prior. The PWC had two cell phones, a set of keys, and a wallet with identification cards aboard.

Sector Lake Michigan watchstanders issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast, performed call outs to missed calls from the cell phone and launched search and rescue crews. Local authorities located the missing persons' vehicle and empty PWC trailer in the marina parking lot at Naval Base Great Lakes.

A Coast Guard Air Station Traverse City MH-60 helicopter crew arrived on scene and commenced a track line search from Naval Base Great Lakes to the last known position of the PWC. Approximately two and a half miles into the search the helicopter crew located both individuals wearing lifejackets and waving their arms. The aircrew deployed the rescue swimmer, hoisted the survivors and transported them to local emergency medical services where they were treated for mild hypothermia.

Assets involved in the search included response boat crews from Coast Guard Stations Wilmette and Calumet Harbor, an MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crew from Air Station Traverse City, an MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew from Air Station Detroit and a C-130 crew from Joint Rescue Coordination Center Trenton.



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Arey's Pond Build

Makes Cover of *WoodenBoat*

This year at the WoodenBoat Show in Mystic, Connecticut, we debuted *Libellule*, a 24' wooden custom catboat that we've been working on for the past two and a half years. We were awarded Best in Show in the Professionally Built Sailboat division. This was our first time entering this category and it was an honor to be recognized.

A few days after the show, on July 4, we had the official launching of *Libellule* at Arey's Pond. It was a beautiful day to hand over the boat to her owners, who provided a spectacular food and wine celebration for all of the builders and APBY crew.



Fall Newsletter



Tony Davis, lead builder and co designer, thanks our APBY team: Bill Nash (co-designer), Leslie Gouveia, Ken Heidtman, Matt Dooley, Julian Davis, Dustin Page, Geoff Cabral, Haley Cedarholm, Chad Smith, Travis Block, Karl Bittner, Peter Przygocki, Clay Deadrick and Jon Liska and the many vendors who contributed to the *Libellule* project. This project was a success because of all of you!

We're honored to have *Libellule* featured on the cover of the November/December 2019 issue of *WoodenBoat* magazine. The cover is accompanied by a four page photo/text spread that offers readers a tour through the building process and the finished product. It pays special attention to the custom rig and hardware, spacious cockpit, luxury below decks, and full chef's galley.



Cover of the November/December 2019 issue of *WoodenBoat* magazine featuring *Libellule*.

2020 Arey's Pond 14 Worlds

Plans are in the works for the first ever Arey's Pond 14 Worlds event which will be held on the Friday before, or the Sunday after, the Cat Gathering, depending on which day has the best wind. Stay tuned for more information about this new annual event, we hope to see it grow!

20 – *Messing About in Boats*, February 2020

News on the New Builds

In the upcoming year Arey's Pond will be embarking on a few exciting projects. Most notably, we are building a new design, the 23' custom cruising cat, as well as a 16' Open Lynx that will be sailing on Lake George, New York. We are also building a new workboat, which is currently in the design stage, for our waterfront team.



Final cedar planks have been installed on the 23' custom cat.

New Website

Our team has been working on designing a brand new website which we were able to launch in August. If you haven't had a chance to visit it yet, make sure to check out the professional photos, drone video of Pleasant Bay and Arey's Pond, as well as the articles in "Tony's Corner" in the About section like the story beginning on the opposite page.

Best Evening of Summer



One of our best evenings of summer came early with six catboats sailing the Hog Island creek on the tide with a setting sun. It does not get much better than that!

27th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering

Mid August always means the Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering is near! This year's Gathering on August 17 was ruled by light air again. There was just enough wind to get 77 boats (mostly catboats of a variety of designs) around the course. The proceeds of this year's event went to the Friends of Pleasant Bay's efforts to Purchase Sipson Island for use as public land (as opposed to development).

We had some beautiful big cats grace the course, all chasing *Pandora* and the

Arey's Pond Caracal, *An Cat Mathair*. The Marshall 18, *Ripple* sailed by the Terrells, the Compass Classic *Tenacity* sailed by Bill Watson and the Arey's Pond 14, *Stormer* sailed by Mark Wiatrowski, all took line honors.

Next year's date is Saturday, August 15, 2020. As was the case this year, the finish line will be at The Narrows in Pleasant Bay. We hope the access to Pleasant Bay from Nantucket will remain safe and convenient for a fleet of other large cats planning to join the gathering.

Catboats race in light wind at the 27th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering.



When I was nine years old my father chartered a catboat from a local boatyard in Maine. My memory of that sail is vague but many years later when I became an avid catboat aficionado, my family would remind me of it. The following is the story of how I evolved into a catboat sailor and builder.



My father introduced my brother, sister and me to sailing sloops in the early 1960s. When my brother and I were three and two years old respectively, he would strap us below in his 28' King's Cruiser sloop and set sail for Maine from Plymouth, Massachusetts. In our early years of elementary school he purchased a secondhand 32' fiberglass ketch after losing his King's Cruiser in a hurricane. A few years later he was able to buy the boat of his dreams, a used 42' shoal draft, wooden ketch.

From the beginning he had set a goal to learn all that he could about sailing offshore and exploring ports he dreamt of and read about in the stacks of *National Geographics* in our home. So the journey began. All school vacations were sailing trips. We sailed south in the fall and north in the spring by way of the inner coastal waterway and eventually made our way offshore. This was training for my father's ultimate goal of sailing with his family around the world.

So, like many kids with sailing parents, my destiny was written at an early age. I would learn to love to sail. I am very grateful for the experiences my father shared with us and the trips I had as his crew or as skipper on his and other boats. There were many learning experiences that for a young kid became a way of life. The following is a random stream of sailing memories:



Many offshore trips to the Bahamas, six years cruising the Bahamas in the early '70s, surviving two serious lightning strikes while

My Second Catboat Sail



anchored, one harrowing night in a lightning storm underway in thick fog, tossing stored extra fuel over the side, countless squall lines with winds gusting 50 knots or more, snowstorms at sea, frozen decks, crew members vomiting all over themselves and the boat, crew members curled up in a ball hard against a lee cloth reciting the Lord's Prayer while in a gale, riding out a hurricane in the Azores chained to a harbor buoy because the holding ground was so poor, experiencing a full gale off Hatteras.

Bartering a bottle of whiskey with a village chief in Gambia, Africa, for the use of his motorcycle and then heading off into the forest to Dakar, Senegal, looking for a part we needed, being mobbed by young villagers who had never seen a white person, a full on knockdown 120 miles offshore on a racing yacht, unsure for a moment if she would come back as we hung in the water from our harnesses, many groundings and nights spent on a sandbar.

Making landfall into the port of Crooks-Haven, Ireland, in pea soup fog, having left the Azores 11 days earlier with the wrong charts, only a road map to get us in safely, our rental car stolen by the IRA and then hitch hiking and sleeping by the side of the road trying to get from Dublin back to the boat, going overboard while underway in the frigid cold Irish sea to free up a fishing line that had wrapped around the prop, on a number of occasions having to climb the mainmast in storms to retrieve lost halyards.

Slipping over the side from a freak wave in the middle of the night while changing a sail in the south Atlantic, the safety harness allowing me to pull myself back aboard, feeling like I was going to die after leaving the Verde Islands with food poisoning that hit me after we were underway, coming within feet of hitting a reef on a late night landfall off Grand Bahama in strong winds and following seas (we accidentally mistook a range light for a light in a beach shack), many fire drills when squalls came through a crowded anchorage in the dark of night, boats dragging into other boats and banging and colliding as a wall of rocks or a beach would be our landing if we did not act quickly untangling the anchor rodes.

A full gale in the Gulf of Maine returning from Nova Scotia in a wooden 120' schooner, three reefs in the main and a reef in the fore doing 11 knots in a following sea, nearly missing the Galapagos Islands due to a navigational error.

Being in the engine room in a full gale, checking the transmission because it was getting hot from the prop freely spinning as we raced down the waves and then in horror seeing the shaft get so hot that it released from the transmission, instantly expecting to be

sinking within seconds, ordering the crew to grab the wooden plugs to fill the shaft log, miraculously the shaft stopped, saved by the shaft zinc, securing against the shaft strut, while trade wind sailing in 20 knots of breeze sadly hitting a sleeping whale, sending a shudder through the wooden boat that concerned everyone that there might be a major leak, but there wasn't.

My father never checking the weather forecast before heading out on a trip, he felt if he did there would be good chance we would not go and that would mess up his schedule as he juggled work and sailing time, rebuilding motor parts for the engine and systems the best we could on beaches and in random island villages in remote places that had no service or parts.



A wild flight aboard a twin prop plane flying to a key in the Bahamas from Florida where the boat had been left, the pilot telling us halfway into the flight that we were over the weight limit and going down if we did not toss our gear out of the plane to lighten her up, which we did, later learning that the plane was loaded with contraband and the pilot had not calculated all the provisioning we had brought from the States, on another trip, the charter company seaplane starting to sink after landing near our boat.

Breaking my nose when going forward to secure a loose anchor as the boat lifted from a sea, having lost my grip, being tossed into the air and landing on the deck nose first, blood splattered everywhere.

Keeping a loaded shotgun aboard and practicing to use it when at sea in the event we were to be boarded by pirates, returning to the boat after leaving her in the Turks and Caicos for three months to find she had been stripped clean of all valuable gear by thieves, being boarded by custom agents with guns drawn in Agadir, Africa, and having our passports taken and sensing if we did not give the agents all of our liquor, or whatever else they wanted, we were not getting out of there alive.

Letting the crew down when a serious squall line came through while crossing the English Channel and after sailing through it, we realized we had lost a bagged working jib, which I had been supposed to secure properly.



Then there are the not so dramatic memories, trade wind passages that went well, endless beautiful sunrises and sunsets, moonrises and sets, catching fish with ease for dinner, working with the stars above to confirm our course, expecting and planning for the slow moving weather days and taking advantage to do repairs and boat maintenance duties.

Experiencing the doldrums or days of flat calm hundreds of miles from land, watching all the life below the surface coming and going including dolphins, porpoises, whales, sharks, turtles and the occasional tired bird hitching a ride, the flying fish all over the deck after a night of sailing to windward, staring over the side at night being mesmerized by the phosphorescent lights, the symphony of sounds, laying in my bunk listening to the wooden boat in motion, the waves interrupted by the hull working her way through them.

The spectacular landfalls, sighting land on the far horizon and thinking I am happiest at sea and would prefer to let the land go by, learning the culture of the people of the new island or continent, their habitat and the beauty of their way of life, diving on reefs and swimming in crystal clear water, the shore parties after a long passage, the satisfaction after hours of work, cleaning, fixing, polishing, varnishing and painting the boat to keep her safe and seaworthy, receiving gifts, like a live chicken from a village chief who expected us to slaughter and eat it, instead we named it Dinner and made it our pet letting it run loose around the boat, provisioning and the fun adventures that happened when trying to find a ride and the needed provisions.

The bonding amongst the crew, hours on watch and the friendships that develop and last a lifetime, the teamwork that makes a potentially bad situation ultimately work out because everyone knew their job and worked together, the appreciation of living in close quarters and learning to respect each other's space and the wants and needs of others, learning to avoid confrontation through patience when situations are tough and personalities are clashing, learning to be diplomatic and expecting everyone to carry equal weight, the times in my bunk exhausted and thinking I have another hour or two of rest and hear "sail change, all hands on deck," jumping to get there.



All of this would not have been possible without a father who had a dream as a young man to travel the world by boat and share the experiences with his family. For me it was extra special because I learned that the tough side of my father was intended to make me a better person. In hindsight I now realize

that some of the more difficult moments we had were meant to be building blocks for me to mature and grow at sea by way of many meaningful and rewarding experiences.

There are many more stories I experienced with my father, as well as on other boats, that made sailing seem like a big wild adventure. But it was how I was brought up to sail, expecting the unexpected at all times, that's what made the trips unique.

When I was in my late teens/early 20s, almost all of these experiences were in my past and a new opportunity presented itself to me, to learn the trade of building a wooden boat. I took the offer and settled in Maine for four years to pursue my version of a college education. I worked side by side as an apprentice to Arno Day, a fourth generation boat builder and a true master of his craft.

When the apprenticeship ended I sailed south in a 28' cutter that Arno and I had built together. I earned a living working in various boatyards as far south as Long Island. Eventually I ended up in the Charlestown Navy Yard in Boston building boats, where I settled down and started a family. After three years in Boston my wife and I realized the city was not for us so we started looking for a boat building business.

A good friend, who was a fifth generation Cape Codder and who I had met while helping to finish the interior on the 120' schooner, *Spirit of Massachusetts*, insisted that if I could get the financing, I should buy a boatyard in Orleans, Massachusetts, located on a beautiful bay with ocean access, which had just come on the market. The year was 1989, I was 31 and ready to commit to building a business. So we visited the boat yard and the owners were very nice and showed my wife Robin and me around.

On one of our visits the owners suggested I take their personal 14' catboat for a sail on the bay. I agreed and headed out alone on an exceptionally beautiful day. Prior to this my only single handed small boat experience had been occasionally sailing a 12' Cape Dory skiff in Maine when I was very young. I had no experience with a gaff rig and I had been bitten by the myth that catboats were slow and could not sail to windward, so I was not expecting much of a sail.

I used the outboard to get down a beautiful river and, once at the bay, I fumbled with the halyards trying to figure out what was what but eventually I was able to raise the sail. Once underway I kept trying to get the boat to heel and point so I would tighten the sheet line. When I did, the boat would stall, she was not happy. I eased the sheet and let the sail fill, the rig relaxed, the sail filled with a pocket in the forward third of the sail and she began to move through the water like I wasn't aboard.

I sailed through this narrow spit of water separating a small bay from a bigger bay. It was challenging, beating into a southwest breeze that was building and kept me heading deeper into the bigger bay. With each tack and little adjustments to the halyards, I began to understand the rig. I also began to relax. There was an incredible sense of security on this little boat with its wide beam and rugged rig. I felt completely at ease.

The boat was pointing to windward just fine. The waves grew bigger in the big bay, the little catboat was in her space, she would dig into each wave. The spray coming over the bow gave the small boat sailing experience a big boat feel. Being so close to

the water, I was learning a whole new way to appreciate sailing.



When it was time to head back, the wind was getting lighter but it was a run back to the river. I had the mainsheet all the way out and the boom 90° to the mast with a little belly in the sail. I laid down on the bench seat and stared up at the crystal clear blue sky with a hand on the tiller. I felt totally at peace. The centerboard was up and the tide was going out and the little cat skated over 10" of water with ease. I was surrounded by land with very little water under me. What was happening? I thought. What have I missed? Is this sailing?

When I got back to the boatyard and returned the boat to the owner, I thanked him for the experience. I told him some words of wisdom a boat builder named Joel White conveyed to me when he knew I wanted to leave Maine to build boats. He said, "Remember, wherever you end up, the best boat to design and build are the boats that fit the waters you are sailing in."

As days went by I could not get that catboat sail out of my head, the memory of that sunlit sky, the shallow water that was so clear and clean, sailing flat and fast, the horseshoe crabs skirting about the sand as the boat approached them. It was as if the boat was taking me for a sail. It all seemed so simple in comparison to my years of sailing offshore, debating sail combinations on a sloop, cutter, schooner, ketch or yawl. When my short day sail was over I still felt the same energy and adrenaline high that I felt following an offshore experience. I was hooked on small boat sailing, something I had missed in my childhood.

One and half years later, in September of 1991, we closed on the purchase of Arey's Pond Boat Yard. To this day, my team and I specialize in designing and building catboats and other shoal draft designs and I never get tired of sailing on that bay.

I am often on the internet looking for old classic or vintage boats. Not to acquire, but just looking and admiring the designs or condition. I told the lovely and talented Naomi that I would not take on any more boats or boat projects. It is time to take care of the home repair and improvement projects (she wants indoor plumbing) and do more sailing.

One day I was looking at boats on the eastern side of New York and found a "Catboat Project" posted on craigslist. The asking price seemed very reasonable but it was in the Albany, New York, area and we are on the opposite end of the state. I have no vehicle dependable or strong enough to pull a boat that size and weight so a truck would be needed to be rented. When we realized the costs of fuel, rental, tolls and such, we decided to pass.

I was very surprised to find it was still available several months later in mid November. When I brought this to the attention of Naomi she was impressed with the boat (she loves catboats) and its condition, and the idea I proposed to buy this and sell an old Beetle Cat to cover the purchase price and costs. I contacted the owner and we negotiated a price that would make sense to both of us.

In early December Naomi and I headed for Albany to take possession of this project. Naomi negotiated a deal of her own stating that I am now obligated to finish the home repair items before finishing out this boat. She also stated that we still need to sell that Beetle. In the spring maybe?

I Found a Bolger Harbinger Catboat

By Greg Grundtisch



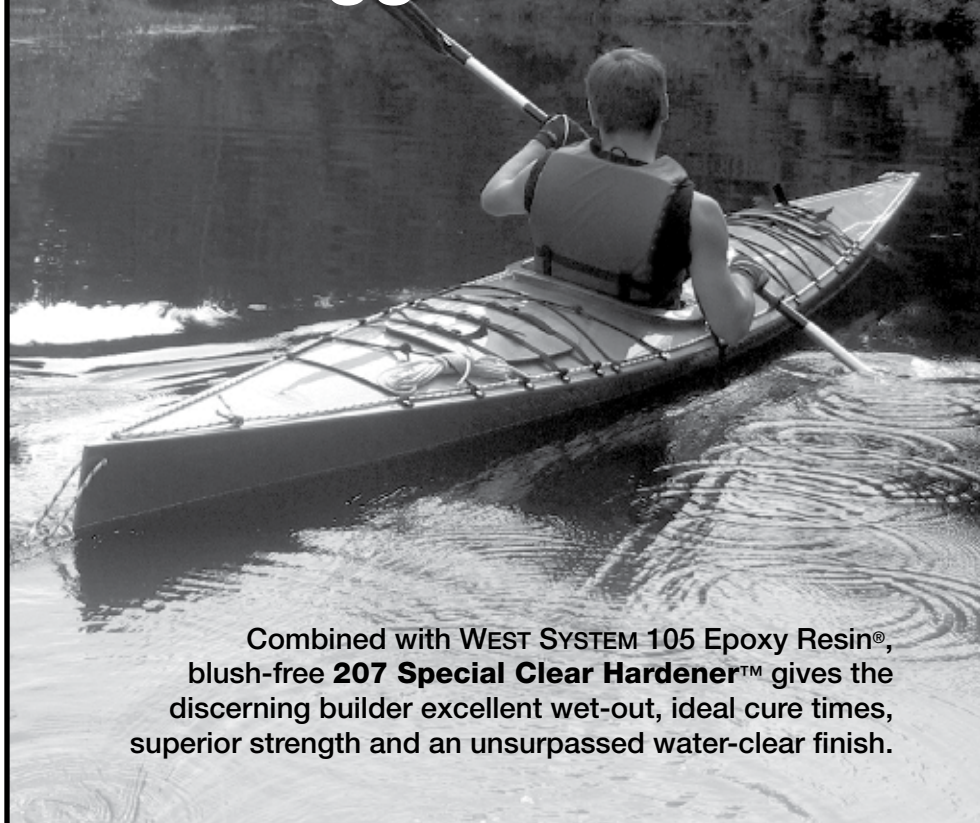
Currently the new boat is tarped up in the driveway waiting for some of the snow to melt enough to get it into the backyard and eventually into the shop. The boat came with a good roadworthy trailer, a mast, a box of hardware and a beautiful tanbark sail. The interesting surprise came when I was shown the plans and directions that came with it. I learned that this set of plans were first drawn up for Bradford Story, Essex, Massachusetts. I can't find a date anywhere but it looks like it was drawn in the '70s. The directions were printed on a mimeograph machine. Remember those printers?

I emailed Bradford Story. I was in turn emailed by his daughter. She said that he does not really do email but she would be glad to forward any correspondence to him and that he would be glad to answer any questions. I'm sure I'll have plenty of them when I get started and I'm grateful for the kind offer.

This is a Bolger design Harbinger catboat. It appears that Phil Bolger added a small cabin on this Harbinger for Mr Story. The Harbinger was originally designed with an open cockpit. I'm not sure how it all came together back then and how this boat got half built and ended up where it did. But it is well built, so far, by someone who knew what he was doing.

The Harbinger is 14' in length and 7' beam. The hull is cold molded with cedar. Photos of this boat can be found on the Bolger site and also Google Bolger Harbinger for other photos. I will try to chronicle the building and launching of this little cat in the coming months.

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Birds

Water and birds are highly correlated. We watch them ashore or in the air or diving into the waters. Occasionally we marvel at them and occasionally we downright hate the creatures. During my time in the Navy this humble swab jockey amassed a substantial measure of dislike toward seagulls. In those ancient days we handwashed our clothes each and every day utilizing a bucket, soap, brush and cement tables. These clean articles were hung with a clothes stop (small bit of string) on a line, appropriately all facing the same way, all two fingers apart and divided by type of apparel. These were to dry overnight and worn the next day, come rain or shine.

Obviously this meant that on some days we wore very wet underwear. But the real nemesis of our cleaning mission was the constant bombardment by gulls that seemed to have an inherent desire to defecate upon white clothes hanging on a line at a boot camp. They were especially inclined to seek my particular underwear.

Worse than their chronic dive bombing and excretions is their annoying habit of eating anything that looked remotely like something. God help the company who had a boot pass out on the grinder or, worse yet, toss their cookies. The gulls came in hordes, virtually blacking out the sky, noisily attacking the regurgitation in spasms of orgasmic delight, plucking stringy bits only to have them stolen by other gulls. For some reason known only to God, they all had immediate symptoms of diarrhea. Shoes, hats, uniforms became encrusted with gull guano and sailors quickly developed the indecent vocabulary that is customarily correlated with our courageous seamen.

And then some idiot wrote a popular and widely sold book called *Jonathon Livingsstone Seagull*. I burned several copies.

Yet water birds delight many of us. One very early spring day when the ice was not fully out of the Mississippi, I was deep into a severe depression when a kindly and wise Lutheran pastor and fellow water person took me out on his boat to check the sloughs that seemed totally ice packed. We did find one lake area that was magnificently teeming with white gulls, storks, geese and other white birds. Never have I imagined so many birds at one time. The two of us said very little over the hours that we enjoyed this congregation of avians. We quietly smoked a couple of cigars and drank some coffee. It was darn near a perfect day. It was also a curative.

Grey Fleet

The GAO is partnering with the Navy complaining about lack of Navy ship repair and maintenance sites. The government noted that only about 75% of the annual fix and repair schedule is accomplished, no doubt because of the unscheduled 33,700 ship days demanding mending. They cited two submarines in Pearl Harbor that were out of service simply waiting for service.

The GAO said that the Navy spent \$1.5 billion just on submarines over the last ten years. Furthermore, they said that it will take 20 years to build up enough resources to keep up with the current Navy, to say nothing about the desired increase by 62 ships.

The Coast Guard is planning for the future. Their fleet will include a total of 11 Legend-Class National Security Cutters, 25 Heritage-Class Offshore Patrol Cutters, 58 Sentinel-Class Fast-Response Cutters and six Polar Security Cutters.



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

The Legend-Class cutters are 418' long with a beam of 54', capable of 28 knots with a range of 12,000 miles. Their crews run around 148. The smaller Heritage-Class are 360' long with beam of 54', capable of a good 25 knots on a good day. The Sentinel-Class sails with a crew of 24 very friendly sailors in a 154' by 25' ship running at 25 knots. The Polar Security vessels are planned. Knowing Congress, the icebreakers are a sure thing. Right?

Dolphins are trained by the Navy according to five classes of missions. Mark 4 dolphins are trained to detect and neutralize (?) bottom tethered mines, the Mark 5 Mod 1 are actually sea lions trained to recover exercise mines and test items. The Mark 6 Mod 1 dolphins defend harbors and anchorages against combat swimmers and divers (take that ye olde Scuba Heads). The Mark 7 aqua mammals detect, locate and neutralize any mines for post assault environments. The Mark 8 critters lead pre assault mine sweeping. No, these are not classified as "Kill Critters for Christ" or can they be mistaken for the military's mission of "Kill Commies for Christ" that was prevalent during Viet Nam.

Commander Thomas McCaffery wrote in the *US Naval Institute Proceedings* that Naval officers should be actually trained as mariners! After losing 17 sailors due to misjudgments, errors and poor understanding of how to sail a ship, the Navy is beginning to realize that their skippers and officers of the deck don't know squat about running a ship. In fact, Naval officers cannot get an officer rating in the Merchant Marine! He posits that all officers who are to man the conn have advanced training from day one in the overall competency of a mariner, navigator, on seamanship, naval architecture, Rules of the Road and adequate training to receive a Coast Guard license for third mate of any tonnage.

Am I crazy or doesn't it seem like this should have been required since, say, the birth of the US Navy? Gee, a commanding officer and captain who actually knows how to sail a ship. Strange concept.

In that same magazine issue, Lt Cmdr Jonathon Williams committed heresy by writing that Tactical Uniforms (camouflage) should be reserved for combat. For one thing, Mr Williams sees no particular reason for wearing the cam uniform while running around malls, restaurants and airports. Dress uniforms should be the order of the day, or undress uniforms for day to day office work. Work uniforms should be made of tough stuff to endure cleaning of heads, mess duty, machine maintenance, etc. The camouflage uniforms are to disguise oneself in combat. He cites the Navy vs Air Force football game when all the wing walkers were attired in their ABU (Airman Battle Uniforms). The Army Chief of Staff appeared on a nationally broadcast Sunday morning talk show wearing his ACU (Army Combat Uniform).

While this particular writer has long waxed unwisely about the chronic uniform

changes within the military, the bottom line is that money is to be made in large chunks when some large clothing maker conns the military into making wholesale changes to uniforms. Out with service dress greens for the Army, out with dress blues for the Navy going ashore, out with dungarees, out with bucket lids for the Navy women (and then go back to them later). This stuff costs money but no Congressman (or woman) will dare stop this roaring commerce. It's all about the money,

RADM Casey Morton, Program Executive Officer, Unmanned and Small Combatants, who holds engineering degrees from the Naval Academy, MIT and the Naval Post-Graduate School, was interviewed about the LCS ships that seem to have a few problems. He noted that this class of ship has started to be deployed into the fleet including the *USS Montgomery* and the *USS Gabrielle Giffords*. Morton stressed that the LCS variants (*Independence* and *Freedom* classes) have small crews, can cope with a myriad of missions, and will be rather sustainable once the regional maintenance centers are fully operational.

He admitted that the aluminum hulls of the *Independence* Class tended to crack but he promised that this issue has been fixed. He also posited that the ships are under budget, under cost and on time delivery. OK, I will not whine further or eloquently foster my disdain for these ships. Right.

Merchant Fleet

The US and Venezuelan governments are at loggerheads over the latter's supplying oil to Cuba. Our old Cold War friend, Russia, is involved with this quarrel but no one seems to understand what is really going on. Cuba promises security and military intelligence to the South American country in exchange for certain supplies such as oil. Interestingly, the money for last fall's business went to a Russian bank. Tankers *Icaro*, *Luisa Caceres De Arismendi*, *Paramaconi*, *Manuela Saenz*, *Terepaima*, and *Yare* joined *Nedao* on the sanction list of the Department of Treasury.

The US President supported opposition leader Juan Guaido against current Venezuelan President Nicholas Maduro. Unfortunately, Guaido has a lengthy history of scandals and corruption and he lacks much support from the people.

The shipping industry has sustained huge financial losses ever since the 2008 economic collapse. Shipping banks provided over \$700 billion in loans to shippers but lost tons of greenbacks. The industry turned to private investments groups and capital markets but none of the entities has much interest in the interests of these investments.

Companies are turning to "Alternative Capital" such as credit funds. Some of these "brand name, bulge bracket private equity funds with more money than God" will only invest on a project by project basis. So far, guesstimates are approximately \$30 billion invested. *Marine Executive* wonders about the status of smaller shipowners as they are being forced out of the market. China is still leasing ships and providing money at a high cost. Are we entering the Age of Asia?

Environment

NOAA has issued a notice that the arctic region is warming significantly more than expected or experienced in the past. Old ice (older than four years) has decreased from 33% to 1% of the ice covering. This is

impacting 40% of the American fisheries and is having a devastating impact on Greenland that is losing over 250 billion tons of its surface ice yearly. The Pacific cod harvest has been banned in hopes that they can reproduce sufficiently from their incredibly low numbers due to the warm waters. A myriad of fish species is moving rapidly from traditional waters seeking cooler areas.

One impact of the warming cycle is that as polar ice melts and opens up waterways it allows more seawater exposure that absorbs radiation and furthers the warming. Greenland's melting glaciers alone will be responsible for adding a foot of water at sea level according to most scientists. Fake news, right.

Boat News

Olaf Harken, the father of all things Harken on your boat, died recently in Pewaukee, Wisconsin, at the age of 80. He was born of Dutch and Swedish parents in Indonesia but escaped to Borneo with his mother and brother at the start of WWII, leaving his father behind to fight against the Japanese. They all survived and rejoined in San Francisco after the war. He went to Georgia Tech to become an engineer, but found the profession wanting, and he ultimately joined his brother building boats in Wisconsin.

Corsair Marine introduced their Corsair 880 (God only knows what the 880 stands for), a 28' trimaran with two pontoons that conveniently fold up in seconds with four bolts each. Quite trailerable at 3,500 pounds (not behind my Subaru), this boat is advertised as "effortlessly fast...for all people of all skill levels." Interestingly for an "elite" boat, it is built in Viet Nam.

Sail magazine named the best boats of the year, most of which none of us could ever afford such as the Amel 50. However, in the realm of reality the rag waxed eloquently about the Cape Cod, a 24' beauty that harkens (no pun intended, Olaf) back to traditional pilot cutters of the 19th century. This boat has a bluff bow and gorgeous overhanging stern and room for eight humans of normal sizen. I wanted one for Christmas. Guess Santa WAS watching me.



The Roseway 24' Cape Cod harkens back to traditional pilot cutters. Details at roseway.fr.

In case you haven't already heard, Randall Reeves, a truly insane sailor, much like all of us to a degree, circumnavigated the globe the long way! He started in California in a 45' aluminum cutter, traveled down the west coasts of North America, Central America, and South America, completely looped Antarctica by going east around Cape Horn darn near all the way to Cape of Good Hope, swung south and around the frigid continent, headed up the east coasts of all the Americas, ran between Greenland and Canada into the Arctic Ocean, then took the Northwest Passage across the top of the world. Sailing between Alaska and Russia he eventually started to get into warmer waters and continued southward until he was back in California. I simply do not know whether to applaud his courage and grit or shake my head about such an insane endeavor.

Inland Waterways

Jennifer Carpenter was named President and CEO of American Waterways Operators. Tom Allegretti has held that position for 26 years and will stay on for a brief transition time. Her first assignment is to settle an intense disagreement between operators and the US Customs and Border Protection (CBP) over latter's desire to dissolve the Jones Act.

Her second issue is with the Department of Homeland Security that wants to provide "extraordinary relief" to East Coast ship builders so they will not be held to their fixed price contracts. The bipartisan members of the House Committee on Transportation and Infrastruc-

ture howled loudly against this attempt. DHS tried to quietly allow an additional \$659 million to the Eastern Shipbuilding Group (ESG). It is politics, help your friends and punish your enemies. Besides, it's not their money.

NTSB finished their investigation into the partial sinking of the *MV/Miss Roslyn* last October. The captain of the tow started to build an eight barge tow. Two crewmembers tied them together while the vessel pushed at a 90° angle to facilitate the build. It took them about three hours to accomplish their tasks.

Miss Roslyn headed downriver when the captain noticed an unusual starboard list. He tried several turns to see if it would adjust but the maneuver failed. Subsequently he reduced throttle and sent crew below to investigate the problem. They found several inches of water on the aft starboard deck. The skipper immediately stopped and radioed the port captain, who suggested he head for the dock. The captain of a nearby tow suggested instead that the *Miss Roslyn* should steer toward calmer and shallower water. The distressed boat was about 50' from shore when she slowly rolled to the starboard. The *MV/Kristy Dutsch* came alongside and the former's crew jumped aboard. The *Miss Roslyn* captain leaped aboard also.

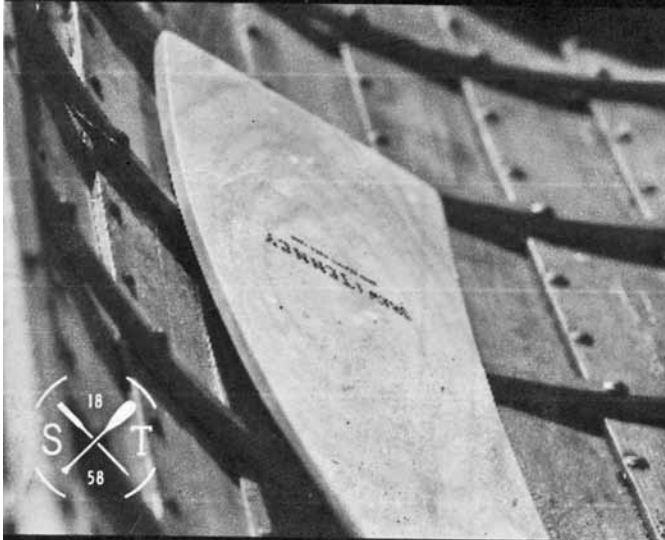
The NTSB found that two wastage holes and one seam split caused the flooding. As the *Miss Roslyn* pushed for three hours against the barges, it put the holes beneath the waterline allowing water entry. They fined the company for improper hull inspection and poor maintenance.

The Interstate 74 bridge between Moline, Illinois, and Bettendorf, Iowa, is near the center of the Quad Cities and is heavily used. Originally the bridge was built in 1935 as a toll bridge but the traffic required an additional and identical span to be built in 1961 using the original blueprints. It became part of I-74 in 1975. A new bridge is now required and two firms designed the plan: Modjeski and Masters (the original 1935 developer) and Alfred Benesch and Co with Lunda Construction doing the actual building. After missing a multitude of deadlines, Lunda claims that the design is "not buildable." They contend that the tolerance designs won't work. The State of Iowa disagrees and stands by the designers.

While the debate continues and work is stopped, traffic is all messed up, to say little about the increasing costs. Trust me, more will be written about this in the future.

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For those of us who love messing about in boats, traditional wooden boats often hold a special place in our hearts because of their history, our history (remembered smells of cedar planking, linseed oil and hemp, a solid quietness, save the chuckle of bow wave along a lap or creak of a sheave in a wooden block) or their aesthetics, the visible “rightness” of their appearance as they move through water, form following function.



Saudades (SAY-DAHDS, photo above) an honest replica of a Block Island Double Ender (BIDE) took me prisoner the moment I set eyes upon her. Named for the island ten miles south off the coast of Rhode Island where it developed, the BIDE features a rig believed to spring from Dutch origins and a hull form derived from Scandinavia. As L. Francis Herreshoff informs us in *The Complete Cruiser*, they were originally called a “periagua” or “periauger.” Today, besides being called a Block Island Double Ender, they are sometimes termed a “cat schooner” and a very few do carry a jib on a bowsprit, but never, never, at least never in earshot of a true island born Block Islander, call them a “cow horn.” “People ‘from away’ do that.”

Their early history is sketchy, some say they emerged as early as 1740, others say 1840. Like many regional working craft, they evolved over time to meet local conditions. An evolution driven by practical needs and guided by common sense, frugality born of a lack of hard cash and ingenuity acquired from long hours on the sea in all weather, sore muscles and work scarred hands. What was wanted were simple solutions that worked, that allowed them to efficiently fish their often crooked waters and come home again. Low cost solutions were preferred. Those that best met the needs of the local fishermen were passed on.

Typical crew was a man and a boy, often father and son. BIDES evolved for alongshore fishing off Block Island which, until 1873, had no protected harbor. Consequently they were double ended to facilitate being dragged up onto a beach with surf breaking astern. They had stout scantlings, heavy bones for their length (originally 18’-23’) with thick ribs, keel, bow and sternposts, usually of white oak. They were planked up lapstrake, iron nailed, rarely copper riveted, white cedar or white pine to keep weight down, obviate caulking and build in flexibility. Stone ballast was carried inside the hull and weighted more aft, both to keep her bow up and to give

Saudades A Replica Block Island Double Ender

By John D. Amaral

her “drag” a bit more bite increasing her ability to hold a course. As fish were caught, ballast was thrown overboard to maintain trim (no lack of stones on Block Island).

Prior to hauling ashore when severe weather threatened the mooring field, stone ballast would be thrown off, masts would be struck and one or more oxen yoked to haul out the boat using log rollers or greased planks above the expected high tide surge line. In calmer weather boats were made fast to poles that previously had been “walked” into the mud of Old Harbor.

BIDES were originally open boats with a sweet shear, low amidship to facilitate hauling in a catch with a rising bow and laps to ease water coming aboard. They also carried readily affixed washboards to increase their topsides amidship in a blow. Not until 1873, after the protected New Harbor was built in Great Salt Pond no longer forcing boats to be hauled in bad weather, did these boats grow to 30’ or more and carry a cabin or cuddy for comfort of her crew.

Rig consisted of two unstayed spruce masts of about equal, but relatively short length, perhaps only 24’ on a 20’ hull. They carried two gaff sails with very short Dutch style gaffs, about 1 cubit long (length from elbow to extended fingertips). The mainmast was set dead amidships and the mainsail was loose footed on a boom. The foresail had no boom and overlapped its main approximately 3’.

Famous for being very seaworthy, BIDES were the primary means of communication with the mainland, 12 miles or more away. As a testament, a mail boat sailed to

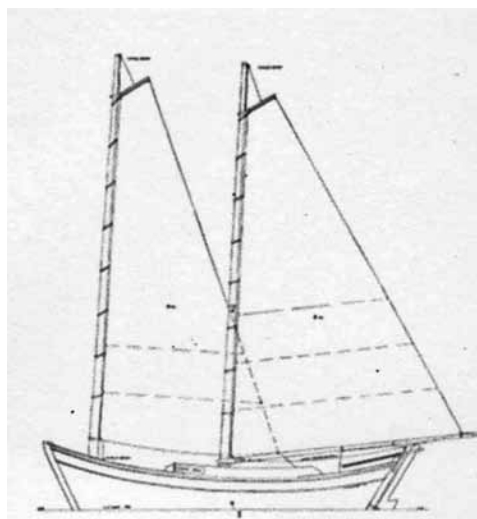
Newport two to three times weekly year round! At any given time during the years they were being fished, there was a fleet of about 50 BIDES on the island, and in all the years of fishing only two were ever recorded as “lost.” One hit a rock approaching Point Judith on Rhode Island’s southern coast and the other reported as “gone missing.”

Saudades took me captive in 1999 and I have had the privilege of tending to her, admiring and sailing her for the last 20 years. She is a wooden boat. Her lines, build, scantlings and equipment are those befitting the job she was asked to do. She is not a lithe and spritely water nymph, tricked out in flashing varnish and shining metal, but rather an ample, perhaps even stout, solid, heavily timbered honest workboat, one that can be depended upon to shoulder a wave without losing way, keep a course or “lay to” with little fuss to give her crew a respite, and she’s all the more lovely for that.

No original BIDE still exists, the last having been a hulk lying ashore whose lines were taken off by two visitors in 1946. Replicas are rare. That *Saudades* came to me in Wickford, Rhode Island, is an interesting tale, and somewhat incredible. Pure chance? Serendipity or fate? I’ll leave it for you to decide. When I was possessed by the BIDE I found on the side of a mountain in White River Junction, Vermont, I knew nothing of how she got there.

At Mystic Seaport Museum, in season, a replica BIDE swings to her mooring on the Thames River just off the Museum’s docks. *Glory Anna II* was the first replica built to lines taken off that last BIDE hulk rotting away on a Block Island beach. It was found by well known *National Fisherman* marine cartoonist Paule Loring (photo at right).

Nautical artist, political cartoonist for the *Providence Journal* and creator of the rascal Downeast cartoon curmudgeon fisherman “Dud Sinker,” Loring lived immediately



GLORY ANNA II, Block Island Cowhorn Reproduction Loring, Paule S.

Description

Reproduction of 22’ Block Island cowhorn, ketch hull, GLORY ANNA II, owned by Paule S. Loring from old hulk and model and built by L. Howard, Wickford, Rhode Island, 1948-49. She is double-ended lapstrake hull with deck only at ends. Plans are tracings from blueprints.

Type	Fishing
Designer	Loring, Paule S.
Date	1948
Builder	Howard, L.
Plans drawn by	Allyn, R.C.; Cunha, I.
LOA	23’
Beam	9’
Plans include	2 sheets: lines, sail
Source	Daniel S. Gregory Ships Plans Library, Mystic Seaport Vessels & Small Craft Collection

next door to the Pleasant Street Wharf on the inner harbor in Wickford, Rhode Island. Looking to have a traditional boat built for himself on which he could enjoy sailing the waters of Narragansett Bay and Rhode Island Sound, Loring and a friend, Commander George Cunha, took the lines off the Block Island hulk and, in late 1948, began overseeing the build of a replica by A.I. Howard of nearby Saunderstown, Rhode Island.

Loring was a fixture on Narragansett Bay, sailing *Glory Anna II* for some years, eventually adding a cabin for shelter and comfort from the New England elements in his late years. A very few local Old Timers who knew Loring still recount tales of his often colorful waterborne activities. Hopefully not all are true.



Not long after she was built, Howard Chapelle, a Smithsonian curator compiling histories of local types of working sail, came through Wickford and *Glory Anna II*'s plans, found their way into his invaluable compilation of native regional American working watercraft: *American Small Sailing Craft* (1951).

After Loring's passing, *Glory Anna II* eventually made her way to the Mystic Seaport Museum where she had her house removed and was again made "true to type." Deemed important enough to be put on in-water display, she still rocks to her mooring there.

Among the thousands of classic boat lovers into whose hands Chapelle's book inevitably made its way was one Daniel Blake who lived in Vicksburg on the Mississippi River. Blake and his brother shared a somewhat unusual avocation given where they lived, building traditional New England small sailing craft. In 1985, liking the "rightness" of her look, Blake built a replica BIDE guided by the plans in Chapelle's book and named her *Merry Savage*.

While true to type, *Merry Savage* varied in materials of construction as Blake built her using lumber cut and milled on his family's Mississippi land. While her ribs are of white oak, her stem, keel and sternpost are of very hard locust and her keel wears a full length copper shoe. She is planked, with copper rivets in scarf run sassafras which, when sanded, smells like sarsaparilla and always

brings a smile to my face. Sarsaparilla was my favorite tonic water as a boy.



Her rig is consistent to the type with two unstayed spruce masts of approximately equal 21' lengths. She carries two gaff sails hung on short sassafras gaffs and laced to her masts. Her mainmast is set dead amidships and her mainsail is loose footed on a sassafras boom. Her foresail has no boom and overlaps the main by 3'.



As would be expected given the time of her development and type, blocks are handmade of wood and few in number, two for the mainsheet. Each masthead carries an integral wooden sheave for its single halyard. Sails are laced on with a continuous three strand line and her boom, like her gaffs, is held in place by parrel bead lines. Three strand replica manila halyards and sheets are secured to six locust belaying pins set in holes bored into her black walnut thwarts and foremast partner. Two locust thumb cleats, serving to guide her foresail sheets are bolted to her stern quarters, a large locust mooring cleat is bolted through both her fore deck and a thick backing block and foresail sheets run through two locust bullseyes worked into lizards tied by their tails to mid ship carlins.

These homemade hardwood fittings, such as a fisherman might have carved for himself, are used instead of metal hardware which would have been both prohibitively costly and accelerated wear on her sheets. In fact, other than her copper fasteners and shoe, very little metal is used in her construction, a metal traveler, two each of partner horns, eye bolts, gudgeons, pintles and the copper sheathing on stem and stern post heads that I added. All could have been fashioned by a local blacksmith or a clever fisherman with

access to a forge over the winter months that precluded fishing.

In keeping with the long established practice of modifying boats to fit local conditions, Blake built her with a slight reduction in draft to better meet seasonally thin water sailing conditions on that mighty Mississippi. *Merry Savage*'s 3' draught might not have been shoal enough for the Mississippi, in 1986 she appeared for sale in the *Wooden Boat #69 Classifieds*.

Tom Farbanish, a glass arts professor at the University of Pennsylvania, loved to sail, happened on Blake's ad, drove down to see her and bought her. Farbanish ran an art glass studio summers in Vermont and the *Merry Savage* followed him to Lake Champlain where he sailed whenever possible. Off-season, with her lead ballast removed, she sat snugly covered by a frame and tarps on her custom made trailer on property Farbanish owned on a mountainside in White River Junction, Vermont. In February 1999, with a second child on the way, Farbanish listed the *Merry Savage* for sale in the craigslist of its day, the *Yankee Peddler*.

I owned a summerhouse in Wickford, Rhode Island, my favorite harbor on Narragansett Bay. As a longtime avid, if unsuccessful, catboat racer, I first was drawn to Wickford because, in addition to being a beautiful harbor, it housed, and still houses, one of the more active catboat fleets in New England. In the fall of 1998, losing my crew to Silicon Valley and UVM graduate study, I sold my Marshall 22 catboat. Knowing I would likely be sailing alone most of the time, I was looking to buy a smaller Marshall catboat. Months spent searching all for sale listings for a used Marshall 18 in good shape at a bargain price were fruitless. Marshall catboats in good condition at a discount price are like "scrap teak," ain't no such thing. I was facing the curse of a boatless summer!

One Tuesday in mid February 1999, I stopped for gas and bought the latest *Yankee Peddler*. Home in my favorite chair, a cup of coffee next to me and a pen in my hand, I began to review its boat listings for that elusive Marshall 18. Five listings down on the first page an ad caught my eye, "Wooden Block Island double ender. Hull, sails in good condition. Homemade trailer included." Listed was a reasonable asking price and a Pennsylvania phone number. I called immediately and Tom Farbanish's wife answered.

"Yes, the boat is still for sale."

"Could she tell me a bit about it?"

"Its green, wooden, pointed at both ends and has a trailer. I really don't know much about it, but my husband will be home in an hour."

I called Farbanish back, confirmed her condition and location, in Vermont! "Can I see it this coming Saturday?" Tom agreed to call a neighbor to arrange that I not be shot wandering around his property in the dead of winter. Forgetting all intent to haggle over the price, I said, "If it is as you represent it, consider it sold."

Within an hour of arriving at Farbanish's Vermont property the following Saturday, I had surveyed the boat, which no longer carried a name on her stern. I used a payphone at the local general store to call Tom in Pennsylvania. "I will send you a check for half your full asking price as soon as I get home to Massachusetts." Arrangements were made to pay him the balance upon spring delivery of the boat to Wickford.



In late February 1999, Mystic Seaport Museum small boat curator Peter Vermilya, who said he only knew of about five BIDES in the country, was kind enough to invite me down to inspect theirs, *Glory Anna II*. On a cool February day Vermilya, Ray Beauvais, the friend who had accompanied me to Vermont to conduct the survey, and I removed *Glory Anna II*'s custom canvas cover and we were allowed to take measurements and photographs. I would use these to insure the fidelity of my boat to this museum restored exemplar.

In late spring Farbanish delivered the Block Island Double ender. The next day I prevailed upon Wickford wooden boat building guru George Zachorne to come take a look at her, hoping he would confirm my Vermont survey. If she had problems I had missed, better to find out now before she was put in. His survey, far more extensive than my own, confirmed that she would need little done prior to splashing her. As George was getting back into his antique Volkswagen bug, he paused by its open door and said, "You know, there used to be a sister to her here in Wickford years ago owned by Paule Loring. He lived right next to my shop at Pleasant Street Wharf."

A few busy weeks ensued. I replaced two punky stern deck boards, recanvassed and bedded both bow and stern decks, made sheet copper coverings for both stem and stern posts and bedded both with Dolphinite, made a pair of lizards around locust bullseyes to tie amidships through which to lead the foresail sheets, applied leather chafing gear to masts, oarlock receivers and bow mooring chock, sanded and oiled walnut thwarts, applied linseed oil/turpentine mix to her masts, thole pins and belaying pins, sanded and painted topside planking, main deck, ribs, and floors, copper painted her bottom, strategically placed towels and soaker hoses and adjusted water flow from the faucet (water in = water out) to swell her up.



Then, bronze letter named and properly champagne christened, *Saudades* was launched into her ancestral home waters of Narragansett Bay from the very same Pleasant Street Wharf that sits next to the house where Loring had lived when he launched *Glory Anna II* some 51 years earlier.

Saudades owes her existence to three men, Paule Loring cast his eyes upon that last hulk rotting on Block Island some 72 years ago, decided to capture her lines and turned them into *Glory Anna II*. Howard Chappelle published *Glory Anna II*'s lines for posterity. Daniel Blake, based upon the lines and offsets Chappelle published, brought *Saudades* (nee *Merry Savage*) to life. I owe them all a debt. Especially that irascible fellow Wickford resident, as unique and iconic an individual as was his boat, who saved the Block Island Double ender from extinction. Sadly, I never met Paule Loring. I would have enjoyed sharing our mutual love of Wickford, single malt whisky and wooden sailing boats, especially Block Island Double Enders.

Famous for being very seaworthy, Block Island Double Enders are not fast. They can be slow in stays, depending upon wind conditions, size of chop, state of tidal flow and how they are ballasted, they may have to be helped around by a mate going forward and backing the foresail, driving home why they were typically crewed by a man and his son. They can be quick on a reach, I have surprised a few larger craft while tearing along on a beam reach in strong winds. She can still carry full sail while many others are well reefed down.

However, their heavy scantlings, deep drag, generous beam and all those lovely laps provide myriad eddies and maximum wetted surface. And the colorful salad of sea weeds, barnacles, and sea lice those laps can collect preclude her being fast. Truth be told, that has never bothered me, "fast" on a sailboat is an oxymoron. If you want "fast" buy a sports car, a motorcycle, better yet an airplane. Neither are they known for providing spacious accommodations, except on deck where there is plenty of room to walk around to stretch my legs, more important to me now that I am over 75 and my legs cramp up if I sit at the helm too long. Room below? Well, in the original sizes there is no "below," below.

Saudades and her sisters provide homely virtues. They will lie quietly to their moorings, nose in the wind under hard sheeted main giving all the time in the world to go forward, lead her foresail sheets through their respective lizards, "figure of eight" them and hoist her foresail.



Slip the mooring, briefly back the foresail to the side opposite the desired direction in which I wish to head, amble back, adjust the tiller, ease the main and off I go with little fuss and no drama. Out on the Bay, should I wish time to make a sandwich or grab a drink, head up, drop the foresail, hard sheet the main, drop the tiller into her comb or take a snug turn or two around the tiller with light line tying off to her aft thwart belaying pins and she will nose into the wind, making slow stern way as I tend to my task. Given enough clear distance astern, I can read a chapter in my book, well, perhaps a short chapter.

Under sail, double enders, slightly fuller in their bows and more hollow in their stern, ride most swells with as nice, easy and comfortable a motion as a proverbial duck. An oncoming wave lifts her bow, moves along under her, the hollow stern offering less resistance, settles down into passing water, helping her bows to rise to meet the next oncoming wave.



But they can be lively at anchor or mooring in rising wind with chop building from a long open fetch upwind. This motion may be easy on the boat, but not on its occupants. They progress to become strip mall kiddie rocking horses and build to blossom into West Texas bar bucking bulls. In quiet water they will gently rock you to sleep as you are lulled by the bucolic chuckle of water along their laps. In open water heavy chop they will rock you awake!

When launched, *Saudades* was warped into a slip by the yard to allow a day for me and a good friend to load her 500lbs of ballast, step her masts, attach her boom, bend on her sails, stow her 12' oars, mooring cover and otherwise fit her out.

I had not sailed a schooner, nor even been on one, so this would be a new experience. The day of our maiden voyage *Saudades* sat in her slip, nose into a 10kt wind out of the south. Astern lay the narrow channel from Wickford Harbor into Mill Cove. Cornelius Island lay but 20 yards downwind, closer now at low tide. It was a Sunday and the armchair sailing committee holding court on the upper deck of the abutting yacht club took interest in this different looking "boat from away" berthed on their port quarter. Good people, one and all, but would

not be above commenting the next time they saw me about what I did, or what I didn't do, that I should have. "Nice planning, John. No pressure here," I said to myself. Well, having been noticed by the committee, it was too late now, I was aboard and we were leaving.



The tide was just beginning to flood from the east across *Saudades's* stern, not yet the three knots it would become. Bluffing confidence, I took two wraps of light line, snug but not too tight, around her midships-set tiller and cleated their ends off to belaying pins. I removed gaskets from her main, raised it hard and eased its topping lift. I took the gaskets off her foresail, led its sheets through their lizards, figure eighted their ends and raised her foresail. I cast off stern and spring lines, walked forward and cast off her bow line.

Saudades proved equal to the challenge. She oh so gracefully made way dead astern (as in photo above) as I walked back along her starboard deck, looped port foresail sheet around its thumb cleat and sheeted her in, simultaneously pushing her tiller slightly to port. Ten yards out, backing and filling, she turned on her heel, her nose swung east, she slowed as her sails caught the beam breeze, momentarily stopped, and began to make way due east as stately as you please. Sure as hell shocked me that we had pulled it off! I thanked the countless number of BIDE fishermen and builders who had developed and refined her for that lovely long keel, deep drag and dead centered mainmast.

Her drag, laps, heft and balance do make her steering quite predictable. Sometimes for fun, on a beat in agreeable winds, I have adjusted her sheets just so, set the tiller in her tiller comb, got up and walked forward, got a beverage out of the mid ships cooler and drank it standing there surveying the passing scenery. I have often steered for a board, making small course adjustments as wind and waves demand, by walking my weight slightly fore or aft from amidships. I especially love it when those on passing boats show surprise as they wonder who is, or how am I, steering.

One blustery fall morning winds were forecast to reach a steady 30, gusting to 50 and from the NNE. That direction's 15 mile fetch to land would yield 5' to 6' breaking waves at *Saudades's* mooring in front of my house, resulting in a stressful night if the boat was left on her mooring. It would be wise to move her from her mooring to the launch ramp, onto her trailer and into my yard. I surprised the heck out of a neighbor watching from his waterfront deck who saw this "old fool" row out in the whitecap topped building swells and, timing the dance of dinghy and *Saudades*, hop aboard. I freed her tiller, moved forward, cast off her mooring and sailed *Saudades* SSW half a mile along the shore and then hung a hard starboard turn just beyond the jetty rocks to bring her into the launch area and up to wading friends at her trailer, all under bare poles! I was being lazy and felt confident I knew her well enough to predict how she'd go.



As the man sailing with his son in the photo above, says, "You pays your money and makes your choice." Block Island Double Enders are not for everyone. But if you love old wooden boats that are historic, unique, honest and took hardworking fishermen to the fishing grounds, AND BACK, well then, like this old curmudgeon, you might just fall in love with one too!

About Saudades

Saudades, (SAY-DAHDS) is Portuguese for "a bittersweet longing for reunion with a loved one, thing or situation of the past, but now lost." "Nostalgia" comes close to being an English equivalent. She sails out of Wickford, Rhode Island. An authentic replica of a Block Island Double Ender, *Saudades* is just under 20' long, with 7 1/2' feet of beam and a 3' draft.

About the Author

Growing up a block from a small waterfront boatyard, by age eight John Amaral had learned to clandestinely trespass into its back field of salvaged cabins removed from vintage 1920s and 1930s cruisers whose hulls had been 1938 Hurricane victims. He would crawl under and into them as they lay on blocks in the field and admire their interiors, crisp white beadboard ceilings, varnished wood joiner work, cast bronze and chrome fittings, all enhanced by the incense of sun-warmed white cedar. Amaral attributes these experiences as the source of his love of traditional wooden boats.

Since age five, John has "messed about in" and loved several wooden boats, a heavy-built 14' Connecticut fisherman's skiff, a 14' plywood covered Herreshoff kayak with added red striped Viking square sail, a Beetle Cat, a 19' Block Island Double Ender and a 27' Maine built lobster boat. He has also owned assorted fiberglass sailboats, stink-pots, aluminum and molded canoes, kayaks and plywood prams.

Upon retirement, John founded and runs Lazarus Boat Works, a church ministry (lazarusboat@cox.net), that obtains, refurbishes and sells small boats to 20'. All proceeds go to the East Greenwich (Rhode Island) Interfaith Food Cupboard to feed local hungry. He and his wife Diane live in Wickford, Rhode Island

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Nashua River September 21

By Steve Lapey

This is getting to be our annual fall outing on the Nashua just as the trees are starting to turn. This year we were blessed with a beautiful day for canoeing, 80°+ temperatures, clear skies and no wind. A perfect way to end the 2019 paddling season.

Our launching site this time was at the Bill Ashe Visitors Center in Ayer, a facility run by the Fish and Wildlife Service as part of their Nashua River wildlife refuge. This site offers an E-Z launch system that allows handicapped people to launch and retrieve canoes and kayaks from a wheelchair. We attempted to use the device but it is really intended for kayaks and plastic canoes as it does not really give proper support to the bottom of the canoe as it is being launched.

I used the device for both launching and retrieving and gave it a thumb's down both times, just too awkward to use! A clear spot on a riverbank is all we need for launching canoes. At this location most of the riverbank has been taken up for the device leaving little space for normal launchings. On the other hand, for those needing it, this would be a great thing.



Sign board at the launch site proclaiming the wonders of the E-Z Launch dock.



The E-Z Launch dock is really designed for kayaks, for canoes it is of little value.

Our group for the Nashua consisted of Gary and Diane Amirault with the 1907 Morris, Greg and Shelly O'Brien with the 1915 Morris and Paul Kelly and Denny Dart with an 18' Grumman, the Old Town is not quite ready for the water. As soon as it is it will replace the Grumman. I soloed in the red Sweet Sixteen from Stevens Canoe Works.

Gary, Greg, Shelly, Diane, Denny and Paul at the Ayer take out.



Norumbega Chapter WCHA

Southern New England
Wooden Canoe Heritage
Association, Ltd
Newsletter

Edited by Steve Lapey

We paddled upstream against almost no current at all for about two hours to the landing at Still River Depot where we had lunch on the closed bridge over the river. A ranger from the Fish and Wildlife service was at the landing but he had no interest in our activities as long as we were not hunting or fishing without licenses.

As usual, the wildlife on the Nashua was out to greet us, lots of birds and turtles along with one white tailed deer. The human presence on the river was pretty much limited to our group. There were only a few kayakers who we passed near the Route 2 overpass, no other canoeists and no paddle boards. On such a perfect day I would expect to see dozens of folks out enjoying the river.

After lunch it was another two hour paddle back down to Ayer where we packed up and headed home.

2019 Moose River Canoe Trip

Text and Photos by David Dumas

On September 12 Tom Anderson and his dog Finn of Granville, Massachusetts, arrived at my house at 7am in Gray, Maine, to carpool up to the Attean put in. As we drove up Route 201 we noticed the wind was fair and blowing out of the northeast. We arrived at the put in and eagerly got the canoes unloaded and packed with our gear. Our launch time was 10:30am.

We spoke with the attendant who maintains the parking area for the Attean Lodge. He indicated that there were changes in the works to the Moose River Trip:

Due to the large number of people doing this trip (he quoted 10,000), there was thought that there would be a registration process.

The put in is actually on private property. Parking is no longer allowed in that area. Trippers must park up the road a bit with limited parking available.

He also made it sound like there would be a different put in/take out for trippers.

There have been canoes, kayaks and paddle boards making the trip. Not sure what will be allowed in the future to make the trip.

And lastly, he said this would all be regulated by the state. He said this was in the works so this might be on someone's wish list. Time will tell.

We arrived at the end of Attean at 12pm and began the 1.2 mile portage. We made multiple back and forth trips carrying our canoes and gear, resting while walking back to retrieve the next load. After a short paddle we arrived at the Holeb Pond put in camp site at 5pm. A simple dinner along with a game of cribbage and then it was lights out!



Finn enjoying the day while Tom paddles.

Friday: We got up at 6am on a chilly morning with fog on Holeb Pond. This was encouraging since there wasn't any wind, but that could change fairly quickly. We had our breakfast over a small campfire to warm the bones. Finn kept the chipmunks and squirrels busy!

We broke camp and were on the water by 8:20am. Our goal was to go to Holeb Falls. The paddle across Holeb Pond was really nice. We did have a slight headwind but nothing that caused any issues. The windmills on Kibby Mountain range were turning at a nice slow pace. A triple engine train with a long line of rail cars passed by when we were a couple of hundred yards from the outlet of Holeb.

The first thing we noted when we entered the outlet stream going to the Moose River was the low water level. Our slight concern was further confirmed along the way when we didn't have enough water to dip a full paddle (beaver tail). There were two rips below Barrett Brook campsite that I hadn't seen the several times I had been through there before. We didn't see any other trippers during the paddle to Holeb Falls portage take out. There were, however, trippers already camped out at the upper camp below the falls. We had all our gear at our campsite by 5pm.

After a quick dinner and a few games of cribbage we called it a day. There were some late arrival trippers and Finn let them know that he was on guard! Good boy!

Ready to paddle Holeb Pond .



Saturday: We were up at 5:30am. By now we had a system of breaking camp and eating breakfast. We were on the water at 7:50am. The muscles were feeling a bit better (note to self, bring Advil).

Mosquito Rips was impassable for my wooden canoe and Tom elected to also bypass. Memories of Steve Lapey trying this one was still fresh in my mind. There was a second set of rips after Mosquito that we did pass through. Tom was kind enough to go through first. A few different species of ducks and an owl were the only game that we saw through the whole trip. Towards the end of the day, we spoke to four other trippers who were going through to take out on Attean. It was definitely an ambitious trip for them.

Holeb Falls.



We arrived at the Attean campsite at 2pm. It was really nice to have some down time to enjoy the day and just putter around camp. Biscuits were made for dinner in celebration.

Sunday: We got up at 6am on a breezy morning. The wind was coming from the west and we were concerned that the pond would be rougher than what we would like. We were on the water at 8:20 and arrived at the inlet of Attean in no time. The wind was a bit of a challenge for us as we headed in a northerly direction. We went island hopping and took a rest on the backside. Once we were in the last cove to head east, the paddling was a cinch.

We arrived at the take out at 10:10am. The wind picked up a couple of notches by

the time we had the truck loaded. We got back to Gray at 2pm. Overall, the trip was good. I think I will make a few changes when I do this trip again.

Make this a five day trip instead of four. I would enjoy the afternoon down time.

Go lighter on the gear and food. I never touched some of it.

Readjust my paddles on the thwart. I think they need to be closer together.

Purchase stuff sacks and a water bucket. Tom had these and I saw that it made a difference.

Because of their different paddling characteristics, mixing wooden and composite canoes during a multi day trip can make it difficult to keep a group together. We also saw that each type has its strengths.

Attean Falls (second set).



Norumbega's Old Town Project

By Steve Lapey

Wednesday, September 17: Gary and I bent a deck.

Saturday, September 14: Gary, Bob G. Lawton, Alan and Greg O steamed and bent inwale.

Wednesday, September 24: Gary A steamed and bent a deck.

Saturday, September 28: Gary, Fiske, Fitz, Kelly, Morrill, Svensen, Gorman, installed starboard inwale, worked on decks.

Saturday, October 5: Gary, Doug D, Peter Doherty (new from Framingham), Fiske, Lawton, Bob Gorman, Jeffrey, Alan S, Mike Parr, S Hodge installed bow deck, pulled all cant ribs for replacement, pulled port inwale and installed new one.

Wednesday, October 9: Bob Gorman came with his Multi Tool and we removed 14 ribs. New procedure, used the Multi Tool to cut the clinches off the tacks then pulled them out without chewing up the surrounding wood.

Saturday, October 12: Gary, Paul Doherty, Paul Kelly, Bob G, Lawton, Alan S, Doug D and Tom Bickford tacked in new cant ribs, drilled for the quarter thwarts and installed temps, steamed and bent nine new ribs.

Saturday, October 19: Charos, Gorman, Deyoe, Alan, Kelly, Fitz, Lawton and Fiske nailed in ribs and pulled five more, steamed and bent five.

Saturday, October 26: Jeff, Gary, Alan S and others nailed in ribs.

Saturday, November 2: Bundy, Deyoe, Doherty, Charos, Kelly and Svenson finished ribs, nailed on some short pieces of planking.

Saturday November 9: Gary, Doug, Stuart, Fiske, Lawton and Alan S finished up sheer planking, Gary to come back on Wed

nesday for touch up work, on Saturday we will be sanding and prepping for varnish.



Norumbega members L to R: Steve Lapey, Lawton Gaines, Alan Svensen, Paul Kelly and Bob Gorman busily installing replacement ribs in the Old Town canoe. Six new ribs are in place, the old ribs with the "X" on them will come out and be replaced in a second go round. (John Fitzgerald Photo)

Jeff Morrill's Old Town Project

By Steve Lapey

Jeff Morrill has taken over an Old Town project from Roger Andrews to help lighten the load in Roger's shop. The canoe

is a 16' HW model from 1914 and when Roger acquired the canoe it was in pretty poor shape and had been fiberglassed. The restoration is well underway, several ribs have been replaced and one new inwale is in place. New decks have been made and are ready for installation.

At this time (December) Jeff is removing the second inwale and will soon be installing the replacement. After that it will be stem ends and planking. Before long we will have a report when it is ready for canvas.

Jeff has put together a very nice canoe shop in his basement, lots of space for tools and plenty of room for the project canoe although he does have to share the space with two cats.



The Old Town is going to be nice when done. Here Jeff is fitting the deck at the stern.

When one is addicted to building small boats, one ends up with a lot of small boats. It all started when my wife and I decided to put a second story on our garage as an art studio for her. The “garage” is, in fact, my art studio, a double car garage with an attached shop. Victoria (my wife) had recently moved out of a rented studio due to rising lease fees and so we decided to put the money and our sweat equity into a studio for her. We would build it as a second story over my space.

Until then I had been storing my boats (canoes and kayaks built from plans) in my studio, hanging in the space below the roof between trusses. To begin the second story we had to demo the roof of the garage. After installing the new, engineered trusses there was no longer any attic space and the trusses were too closely spaced for the boats to hang between them. To complicate matters, my latest boat project was a fairly large boat (for me), a 16’ Melonseed sailboat that required a trailer and would have to be stored outdoors.

I have never been comfortable with the looks of boats on trailers parked in suburban driveways, for my taste they don’t seem to mesh with the esthetics of the house and its landscaping. Also, the pounding heat and the UV battering of the South Texas sun have deleterious effects on boat covers and trailer tires. For these reasons, I decided it would be worth the effort to build a “boathouse,” a boathouse miles from the nearest water to protect them from the sun, the rain, falling tree limbs and to disguise them from the street.

I built it from standard lumber. It is open on all sides except for the front that faces the street. There I made swinging doors of vertically, widely spaced 1x4s (more as a screen than as doors) to camouflage the boats behind. The openness keeps the air circulating and the boats easy to access.



The Boat House Miles from Water

By Kent Rush



In the open attic space I have our two “Cape Charles” 17’ touring sea kayaks (unnamed) built from Chris Kulezycki’s Chesapeake Light Craft plans in 1995 (primarily used for the Texas Gulf Coast bays and estuaries about three hours drive from San Antonio, Texas). On the ground below is the trailer holding the 16’ Melonseed, *Melva Gwen*, designed by Marc Barto, built in 2009-2010. The design is an enlarged version of the classic “fowling skiff” in Chappelle’s *American Small Sailing Craft*. Used mainly on local lakes (Canyon, Boerne City and regional, Amistad).



Hanging from the rafters above the Melonseed and below the kayaks is our 16’ “Canadian” Canoe, *Haydeé Victoria*, canvas on frame designed by P.W. Blandford from the Clark Kraft catalog built in 1989. This boat has fond memories for my wife Haydeé and I as this is the boat in which I first used to take her out, she reading books and I paddling and casting fly lines to pan fish. It was built specifically to get out onto the exquisite, jewel like Hill Country streams north and west of San Antonio.



Hanging in the middle is *Gwendolyn*, the 11’6” “Charlotte” lapstrake/marine plywood solo canoe built based on the plans and text by Thomas J. Hill from his wonderful book, *Ultralight Boat Building*.



Hanging on the near side is my go to solo canoe for the Hill Country, extremely light and with low sheer, an 11'6" cedar strip/fiberglass "Wee Lassie" solo canoe (as yet unnamed) designed by Mack McCarthy and built from his plans and text in his book, *Featherweight Boatbuilding*.



On its side up on blocks is the first boat I ever built (1970-71 after I graduated from college in 1970), a "Buckboard" sailboard built from Glen L plans. It looks a lot like the old "Sailfish" by Alcott. It was glued together with the old purplish, powdered resorcinol glue (also used on the Canadian Canoe). This boat has been stripped and repainted/revarnished many times over these past almost 50 years. The mast step had to be "re-stepped" a few years back and the transom replaced. It is still sailing very well and belongs to my son who learned to sail on it.



There was not, comfortably, room enough in the boathouse for the eighth boat, an 11' "Swamp Yankee" solo canoe, designed by Bob Sparks. Although I loved it (and loved its utterly simple/effective construction method) its strong V bottom proved problematic in most of the typically skinny, gravel runs of our local streams. Not being able to shelter it properly, I reluctantly donated it to a friend who has a large family and it is being lovingly used on stillwater in East Texas, where it is better suited.



You may note in the background of the photos a new boat form. My current project is to recreate Rushton's Wee Lassie with planks of cedar nailed together with copper tacks. Where I'll put it I don't really know right now but I'll find a place.

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Another season closer to 100! The excitement builds here as we count down and make plans for our 100th Anniversary. Bill Womack was busy this past summer spreading the word. First stop was the WoodenBoat Show at Mystic Seaport with the magical backdrop of classic wooden boats all around and the John Gardner Boat Shop's Beetle Cat rentals sailing off in the distance.



2019 WoodenBoat Show at Mystic Seaport.

From there it was on to the Weekapaug Yacht Club for the Leo J. Telesmanick Beetle Cat Championships. Everyone at Weeka-

2019 Leo J. Telesmanick Beetle Cat Championships at Weekapaug Yacht Club. (Emily L. Ferguson Photo)

New from the Beetle Shop

By Michelle Buoniconto
Reprinted from *The Beetle Sheet*

paug went above and beyond in making this another spectacular event!

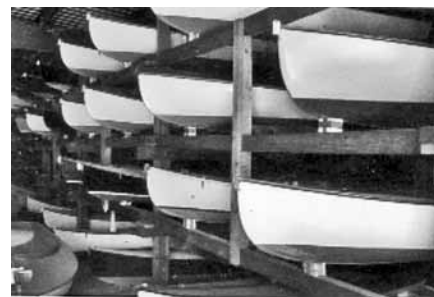
In mid August Bill was invited to the Cataumet Schoolhouse to give a summer lecture that was very well received and we even got a "Thank You" call from an attendee the next day saying it was one of his "Top 3"



Bill Womack (left) with Cataumet Schoolhouse board member David MacLean.

highlights of the summer (not sure what the other two were).

Now with the season over, the storage racks are already full of Beetle Cats and we ask ourselves once again, we most certainly must have more Beetle Cats this year than last? In fact, we do. Michelle wins her annual bet with Bill and we continue to be grateful for the unwavering support of the Beetle Cat community who continue to spread the word.



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"It isn't as easy as it used to be." I hear this more and more from my friends. I am a little surprised to hear it from myself occasionally as well, for I generally feel I have things pretty easy. I once was told that "attitude is everything" at this age, but it's not, for things do become more difficult. Still, I feel that my perception of an easy life is the difference of what I can do, or think I can do, minus what I expect to have provided for me. This may not work for everyone, pretty hard to make it fit for those who don't have enough money or are in failing health, but I think it is true for many, certainly for me. If you don't expect to have much handed to you in life, then just about everything you do makes life easier for yourself and others and it is easier to appreciate what you have.

Doing what you can is the important part. Taking care of yourself, learning new things, staying active and taking part in things all count tends to push the negative factor lower. It all takes a lot of work and a lot of thinking but that is good for you. It may be a bit of a paradox, but then life becomes easier, and by "life" I don't mean existence, rather it is continuing to do what you love and be who you are. If you want to keep the fire going, you need to add fuel.

Some years ago, back when my wife and I were taking our 18' Adventurer canoe many places, often using it for transportation to remote camping spots, she would carry her pack across a portage while I would tie the paddles and other loose gear into the canoe, put the food pack on my back and throw the canoe on and we would proceed to the next lake. Then I would return to retrieve my larger pack. The canoe was fairly light for such a large craft and I made a well padded yoke which fit my shoulders and made the carrying easy, but even so it was a big load, especially with the food pack.

At some point my wife perceived that something needed to change if we were going to keep this up as we got older, so when she saw a two wheeled canoe dolly in the LL Bean catalog¹ I got a birthday present. I resisted at first. Killarney Park in Ontario, a place we often went, does not allow wheeled transport so it could not be used for portages there, but I soon found the addition made life easier for getting the canoe from car to lake in many places.

The dolly attaches to one end of the canoe quickly, easily and securely. It is strong, attractive and folds to a compact size. Once the canoe is unloaded from the van and upright on the ground, I slip the dolly under the stern with the straps over the top of the canoe. I tighten the deck strap and pull the two seat straps toward the seat. Those straps are fastened to steel bars that are pulled forward and stabilize the dolly. At the other end they are fastened to a hook that slips over the front of the rear seat.

With all straps tightened we are ready to go, so I put paddles and life jackets in the canoe and wheel it to the put in. I still had to load and unload the canoe from the van, lifting and carrying it often, but for even short distances the dolly became a help. I did not want to admit that we were getting older, but though we were still canoe camping, we were no longer portaging lake to lake and no more carrying pack and canoe together. Eventually I noticed that the canoe was feeling heavier and I appreciated the dolly.

Making Life Easier

By Hugh Groth



As to the matter of transporting the canoe to a lake, I have had a minivan for many years, a very high vehicle onto which to try to lift a canoe. With no built in roof racks on my minivan, I purchased Thule[®] racks that fit my vehicle. I noticed that most of my canoeing friends slid their boats onto their car racks sideways, but they all have much lower vehicles. My van was too high to do that. Instead, I built a slide bar on its own frame that sits at the very back edge of the van roof. Side arms secure it to the rear roof rack with thumb screws. It has a round bar of soft, slippery plastic on which the gunwales of the canoe can slide without harm and there are retainer pegs at each end to keep the canoe from sliding off sideways as it is being loaded.

With the canoe on my shoulders I walk up to the rear of the van and set the front quarter of the canoe down on the bar. I then come out from under the canoe, walk around to the stern, lift and shove the canoe into place on its rack. Once up, the canoe can easily be secured and I leave the slide bar attached in place. It makes for easy unloading as well. The rear loading allowed me to attach stops to the ends of the roof racks which then become a nest for the canoe. These cradle the canoe so that it rests on all three cross bars, including the slide bar, and they prevent side slipping when loading, unloading and under-way. The arms of the slide bar fold compactly and store nicely along with the cartop racks on a wall rack in the garage. It is one of those things that makes life easier where I need it, and it did not come ready made.



Around the same time I made a stabilizer rack for the front of the van. While on vacation in Nova Scotia many years ago I found in an unpleasant way that I needed something to stabilize the long front overhang of the canoe when driving in windy conditions. Ropes alone would not do it so once home I made an auxiliary rack² of electrical conduit, wood and sheet metal that attaches to fender bolts just under the hood of the van. It provides little front to back stabilization but works well side to side where it is needed. The purchased racks effectively secure the canoe in both directions. The stabilizer was inexpensive and is easy to install, one more element to ensure that I can continue canoeing.



I have always valued lightweight equipment of any sort so long as it was also sufficiently strong and durable and often made my own to better serve those characteristics. I figured that a well made wood strip canoe³ would come in at about two-thirds or less of the weight of our big canoe and I had always wanted to build one anyway, so I did. It is a very sweet canoe and is indeed that much lighter, easy to carry, easy to paddle and good looking. Our little dolly fit the new canoe very well. It made life easier and it was clear that now we had the right equipment to continue canoeing on into the future.

Things do not always work out the way you expect. We did use the new canoe, mostly at our local lake and others as well, but not for long, certainly not long enough. In less than three years Mary Anne's health began to fail, soon involving open heart surgery which repaired the heart but left her weakened. Her health steadily worsened and she died eight years later. During all that time there was no canoeing for her and almost none for me. Going out once or twice a year was difficult and unsatisfying without her there. My little craft seemed unwilling to respond, generally riding along out of balance and out of trim, kind of like me.

Once on my own and still active, I realized I needed to get back to a good exercise regimen if I was going to keep my good health. In addition to lots of walking, I expected to renew my frequent trips with

the canoe to several northern Ohio lakes and beyond, but my paddling habit needed revising. My canoe is asymmetrical and not super wide, so paddling from just behind center keeps it in trim and easy to maneuver and that was obviously part of the answer, however, spending more than an hour paddling on my old knees just was not a solution. I needed an auxiliary seat for the center.

I built a light but strong oak frame sized to accept a pattern of woven lawn furniture webbing. Then, among parts of an old canoe now disassembled, I found four aluminum brackets I had used for hanging the seats in that craft. They would be put to good use once again for they could be fitted to the ends of the new seat frame.

I wanted the seat to be easily removable, so I built snug fitting oak caps, which completely enclosed the gunwales but did not permanently fasten to them. I then secured the seat in place with simple wooden latches. The outer part of the cap is important, because the seat flexes. If the seat sits loosely on top of the gunwales, the brackets will pull inward under my weight and the seat will come off. Fitted to the canoe and well secured the seat is comfortable and effective and my boat once again floats nearly level with me in it, but that was not the end.



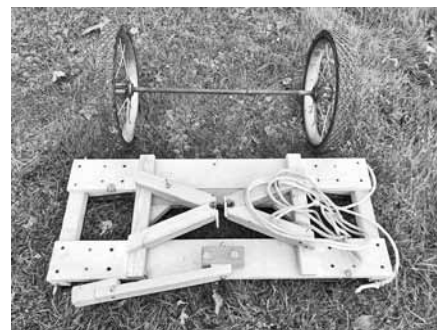
A canoeing friend has a canoe dolly with much larger wheels than my stern mount dolly, which sits strapped in place under the center of his canoe. He walks along pulling his boat with little effort, but I still had to lift half the weight of my canoe and gear on the way to the lake. I had seen these carts for sale but knew it would not pay to purchase a low end dolly and the good ones are not cheap. I did notice that he has a bit of a balance problem when he loads his boat onto the wheels and I wondered about potential hull damage. Those things are made to be “universal” but I think they are mostly for plastic canoes and kayaks which are less damage prone and often not all that valuable.

I am a saver of useful things that are no longer needed, but I am not a pack rat. I only save something if I have a reasonable idea of how I might use it in the future. With that in mind, it so happens that I had a pair of wheels saved from an old garden cart that I thought might someday be the basis for a canoe cart. The time finally came, so not long ago I got busy with my DesignCad program and came up with a design that suited me.

My cart is made of inexpensive lumber, fitted to the wheels. Since I had built the canoe I had a section drawing of the center of the boat, so I designed a set of four pads placed and angled to fit the contour. The pads were made of 1/2" foam covered with an imitation leather material saved from another job. When in place the canoe rests easy without slipping and does not touch any hard surface.

The cart has its own kickstand so I stand it next to the canoe with the cart centerline pointing toward the stern. I lift the bow high and set the canoe over onto the cart, then tie it in place with the ropes⁴ using my “modified trucker’s hitch” that many of us discussed back in *MAIB* 2004. In order not to get that little controversy going again, I need to say that I know it is not a trucker’s hitch but it acts like one, a loop formed with an overhand knot never to be untied is used as the “pulley.” After passing the ropes over the canoe the free end is threaded through an eye on the cart, then through the loop, the rope is tightened and tied with two half hitches. It is quick and secure. I can load my gear and walk to the put in with the canoe following along like a dog on a leash.

Once at the shore I roll the stern into the water, pull down the kickstand, undo the ropes and lift the canoe off and into the water without scratching it up on shore debris. For easier storage the wheels detach and the cart framework folds, though I have not yet had the need to do that. The new cart, another device to make life easier, makes me consider going for a canoe ride more often, although I still sometimes use the previous stern dolly instead. It depends on the put in and it is nice to have both available.



With my new gadgets I have resumed my frequent visits to lakes all over Ohio. I know, there are so many ways I could do this, the simplest being to just carry the canoe to the water, kneel in the center and paddle away, but the seat and the dollies have made life a bit easier and the building of some of these devices has been enjoyable for me.

I like to figure out how to do things the easiest way, so over the years I have tinkered with lots of devices and ways to make life easier. Sometimes doing it the easy way takes a lot of time and effort, but I think that is OK as long as the effort is enjoyable and rewarding and it keeps the mind and body active. Without these helpful items my canoe would spend a lot more time on the shelf and I would waste away in my “decliner chair.”

Lately I have begun to wonder about the efficiency of the paddles I have been using. Maybe a new paddle would give things another boost, but that is another story.

¹ Unfortunately, LL Bean apparently no longer sells the rear mount canoe dolly.

² Details of the auxiliary front stabilizer rack are included in “The Time our Canoe Hit a Car,” *MAIB*, January 1, 2004.

³ A description of building my wood strip canoe is included in “In Search of a Beautiful Lightweight Canoe,” *MAIB*, December 15, 2007.

⁴ The “modified trucker’s hitch” description is part of the article in footnote ².



The Building of *Helge* A George Buehler Diesel Duck Part 6

Wendell Gallagher is building a Buehler Diesel Duck 38. He had the steel hull built at a yard and trucked to his home and is doing the rest himself.

The Building of Helge



Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things you didn't do than by the things you did do. Mark Twain

LED Forward Lighting

Helge's forward cabin is illuminated with light emitting diodes. The fixtures are IMTRA's 3" warm white down lights. They have a wonderful warm color and produce 180 lumens each (roughly the same as a 20 watt halogen). All eight fixtures combined draw less than four amps at 12 volts, making them extremely efficient.

The lights are switched on through a new old stock antique rotary switch (1910). It's spring loaded and activates with a nice snap.

The majority of *Helge's* wiring is exposed. The few wires that are not are run through conduit (as with the down lights).



The Butcher Block Top

Helge's galley counter is 59 strips of maple glued together with 690 dowels. The center is dished out to form a little fiddle.

The entire top is a working surface. Food preparation will be done directly on the counter. I'm looking forward to messing it up with smelly chopped garlic, shallots and peppers.

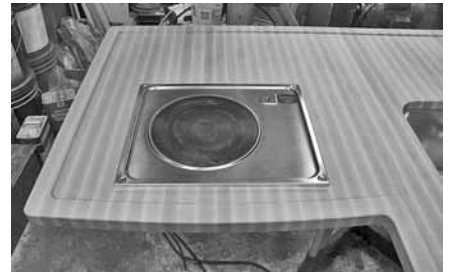
The maple is sealed with Daley's Kitchen Wood Treatment. It's a mixture of 70% mineral oil and 30% refined wax.



I avoided doweling the sink area to ensure a smooth cutout.



The Wallas hotplate runs on K-1 kerosene. It's ready for cooking in under two minutes. Its purpose is to supplement the slower Dickenson Stove which takes an hour to reach full heat. The hot plate is adjustable from a gentle simmer to a rolling boil.



The twin sink is mounted with nylon washers. They allow temperature movement of the sink and moisture movement of the wood. It's coated with sound dampening material.





The Spice Rack

Helge's spice rack ties together the galley counter top forward edge, a port side frame and the fridge. It's made from cherry, mahogany, ribbon stripe and brass. A thank you goes out to my friend Chris at Boulder Plywood for setting aside the cherry.



The Galley Drawers

As with *Helge's* spice rack, the galley drawers are a component unto themselves. They're made from cherry, mahogany and ribbon stripe. The drawers are secured with ball catches and removable brass pins that prevent them from opening too far. I hid the finger pulls for a nice clean front.





Four dowels glued with Titbond III and tested at 75 foot pounds.



Trash door with biodegradable plastic bags.

**Lots More
to Come!**

The Original 38' Diesel Duck

22 years old when this photo was taken visiting San Diego in 2012.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

Princess Anne Update

I just finished the final sanding and washing before paint. This one didn't seem so big compared to the *Queen Ann* but she's still a hefty hull. I started on September 1 and only took about two weeks to make the hull. Sanding and glassing and filling and sanding has taken a little longer but she is looking pretty good. I'll paint all of this and then roll her over to do the inside, can't wait to see what I do. It'll be a white boat with red water-line stripe and black antifouling bottom. This will be the first white boat I've ever made.



I was shocked at how good the hull came out. It's hard to tell with all of the different colors of the fairing stuff. The cutout in the back is for the outboard's prop wash and room to tilt it up out of the water. If it didn't tilt I wouldn't need a cutout but then I'd have an inboard. I'll give it a few days to harden then roll it over and start grinding the inside.



It's not really this skinny, the picture pulls it in. The thing looks like a whale and is really wide and fat.



Here is what she really looks like. She has a 7 1/2' beam and her bottom is almost that wide. It was another surprise when I tipped her over. I knew she had a fat bottom but it was nice to see just how fat. I can hear you sailor boys thinking, "just put in a centerboard trunk, stick a mast on her and she'd be the perfect boat," especially you trailer sailors.



Some of you make a big deal of turning a boat over and some of us just wing it. Jim and I were standing around talking about the cold weather (60°) and how the fire looked so good when Tom Barrett showed up to see what's going on. He asked how I was going to flip it and I said to stand right here, yelled

for Jim to chase the dogs from the danger zone, then we just pushed it up and over. It fell into just the right place I figured it would and didn't even break anything. Easy peasy. Start with this, give a big push and watch her roll. Cleared the rafters by a good 6".



It even comes all equipped with the framing for a cabin if I wanted one.



Ok, no cabin, now I have to get in there and remove all of this frame structure. I'll save it out in the woods in case anyone wants to use it to make one of these, hell, I may make another one, I really do love these smooth curved hulls. And because of my brilliant planning the dirt floor where she's sitting is perfectly levelish.

Tom took this one with me next to the *Princess*. I'm 6' tall. My hair didn't go curly till it turned grey.



Howard next to her.



Ready to get sanded and glassed. Giant day wine cruiser.



There are other boats in the building, here's Richard's party boat, it's about the same length but a foot wider. And you thought the *Princess* was big.



After years of boating we kind of know what we want, like that's ever going to happen.



Relatively new to the marketplace, the Multi Tool is rapidly becoming the tool of choice almost every day here in the canoe shop. We are constantly finding new uses for this handy little power tool. The Multi Tool was first introduced by Fein as the Multi Master and, while they were the only company marketing them, they were running infomercials on the TV describing some of the uses for them. They were shown cutting wood, doing finish carpentry, scraping paint, sanding, cleaning out grout between tiles and a dozen other tasks. They appeared to be too good to be true. It wasn't until the end of the infomercial that the viewer found out that the Multi Master was available as a kit with a dozen accessories in a nice box for something over \$300. Needless to say, we didn't buy one for the canoe shop.

Now that Fein's patent has run out, other manufacturers have introduced the Multi Tool in a wide range of prices. When Harbor Freight first introduced theirs at \$69, we jumped in and ordered one right away and started looking for ways to use it in the shop. At first it was a big disappointment, the tool ran and made a lot of noise but it didn't seem to want to cut much wood so it was put aside and wasn't used as much as it should have been.

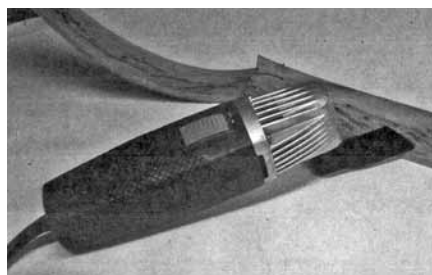
Well, it turned out that the original saw blades that it came with were of a very poor quality and once we bought a good replacement blade the story changed completely. This little thing really cuts! I can push the blade right through a 2"x4", although a Skill-Saw is probably a better choice of tool for that.

In the canoe shop we are now constantly using the Multi Tool for cutting and trimming planking, cutting off rib tips, cutting scarf joints to repair inwales and stems, doing these tasks better and faster. We are still waiting for the Harbor Freight tool to quit working, but after more than five years of use it hasn't slowed down yet.

Recently we had a bunch of broken ribs to replace in an Old Town canoe. The tacks seemed to be really securely clinched and we were needlessly chewing up the planking trying to get the tacks out. On a whim we thought, "What would be an easy way to cut the clinched portion of the tack off so it will come out easier?" We tried the Multi Tool and it worked so well that this will be the normal procedure in the future when the broken ribs are going to end up in the trash anyway.

Multi Tools in the Canoe Shop

A Review by Steve Lapey



Checking the market, we have found more than 25 manufacturers offering the Multi Tool, all with the same basic concept of a rapidly oscillating blade travelling in a very short arc. Oscillating speeds vary from 5,000 to 22,000 oscillations per minute. If you can relate cutting power to motor amperage, the motors draw from two to seven amps. As with a lot of tools, you get what you pay for, higher speeds and higher amperage generally cost more.



All of the Multi Tools share the same general design of a handheld unit, looking something like a small angle grinder, but there are variations in some of the features. Some

tools are corded and others use rechargeable batteries, mostly 18 volt units. Many have positive on/off switches which most users will find best, others have pull trigger switches that may or may not have a way to lock on. The better ones will have a quick release system for blade changes, ours requires using an Allen wrench to remove a bolt. Our next one will have the quick change feature. Potential buyers should look at several tools before deciding which features are important.

Pricing on the Multi Tools is interesting. Fein, the inventor, is hanging on, still selling their kits in nice boxes for over \$300, although they now offer the tool alone for a lot less. Harbor Freight has reduced the price of their basic Multi Tool to \$19.95, that is a single speed corded unit with no accessories. For a little more they offer one with variable speed. Also available are battery powered units and their line tops out with what appears to be a heavy-duty corded tool at \$109.

If you want to go first class, Festool has introduced their OSC-18, an 18 volt model with the quick change blade system. It has a variable 10,000 to 19,500 OPM oscillation speed and comes with a dust collection device, a positioning aid, a depth stop, three blades and a battery charger in a fancy box for a bargain price of \$799.

Fortunately, in the middle price range we have found several models that look interesting with various features. The Porter Cable PCC710LA is available at \$70, it has a nice depth stop. Ryobi sells the P340 at \$50, it has an LED light. The Rockwell RK2863K has a 20 volt battery and offers 5,000-22,000 OPM for \$125. The Dremel VC60-01 is available at \$65 with a seven amp motor, it may be the most powerful on the market. Makita's XMT035 lists for \$223, it has a light that comes on when the battery is low, and the Ridgid R28602 retails for \$75, a good value with a four amp motor and an LED light.

A Google search for Multi Tool blades comes up with a huge variety of blades available for these tools. Most of them are interchangeable but beware, a few tools need their own blades such as the Festool. Blades tend to cost between \$5 and \$10 for wood cutting blades, those capable of cutting through nails run a little higher. As with a lot of things, if you buy a larger quantity the price goes down, sometimes to as little as \$1 per blade. It pays to shop around for the blades.

Try a Multi Tool in your shop, you won't know how you got along without it!

Getting Aboard

Seems like I trip on stuff alluetime. Climbing in and out of a boat on a trailer or in the water, too, for that matter is not a particularly salubrious time to catch a toe and do a half gainer off into the wild blue yonder. Getting aboard *Walkabout* is one of those times when I have to lift a leg and duck my head with complete synchronicity.



One of the really cool things about *WaB* is that massive wall back there, right in front of the splashwell. Every time I hook a toe on it, well, I think that I really should do something about that sometime. So I put in a call to the Man from Milwaukee, he'd know what to do.



I asked him how this was all supposed to go back together,



I guess somebody else will have to get out the pox and glass. Probably tomorrow.



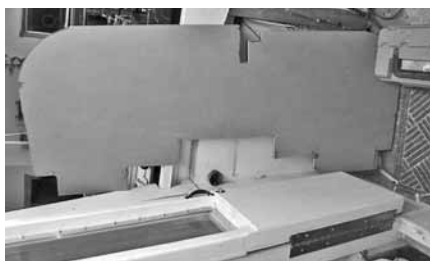
The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

Sometimes You Just Have to Start

This is one of those amorphous shapes that needs a lid, a lid that not only fits but is stiff enough to walk on. It needs to lift out and not mess with the motor or the controls or the wires or make Jamie the Seadog and me trip and fall.



That lid has to do lots of jobs and a couple hours ago almost nobody really knew what it was supposed to look like. So I whomped up something that looks like this.



It actually fits, on about the 20th trip up and down the ladder, that is.



Miss Suzi even goes up and down without hitting anything that shouldn't get hit.



Waiting for Paint to Dry

Nothing's quite so daunting to a Type A personality as waiting for paint to dry, unless maybe it's discovering that I just ran out of the first coat color on Thanksgiving Day when the hardware store is closed. And then everything grinds to a halt.



I understand that some people watch football on TV when something like this happens. Odd. Certainly they could find SOMETHING to build or take apart.

Elective Surgery

Walkabout has been in the shop for a series of appointments with our in house cosmefrankentologist and the first round of bandages has come off. There are still a few weeks of elective surgery to go but all in all things are going pretty well.



A Nasty Job

Over all those thousands of road and water miles that Jamie the Seadog and I shared with *Walkabout* this past summer, we never had a “real” water tank. We didn’t have a sink and we didn’t have a very satisfactory place to wash our dog bowl or brush our teeth. That’s been bugging at least one of us.

Also, at least one of us has been worried about how much of the cockpit sole (original $\frac{3}{8}$ ” plywood) has turned to mulch over the most recent 60 years. I had sorta eyeballed things and sorta measured out how this might go, but we visual learners don’t really measure so much as imagine how things will go together.

Knowing that at least some of that old plywood would have to be excised, and knowing that the original sink and water tank were in “standby mode” on one of the wunderwhut shelves, and that now that our initial repaint job was sorta done and needing to harden for a while, it seemed like a propitious time for a little Frankendemol.

Not quite being decided on whether the sink should slide out, or tip up, or remain rigid or where exactly it should go, had to wait for where the water tank and the batteries and the installed fuel tank and the propane locker were gonna go.

So we started with the water tank. The gas tank is gonna go under the new single step that will be under the newly cut and reinforced pass through in the splashwell forward bulkhead. So we started slinging heavy stuff and gonna be heavy stuff around. I do think it’ll all fit, sometimes with nary another hair’s breadth to spare.



Things like cabinets and such are still in the simulation phase. That homeless propane tank says I can figure on him being quite cozy with an overboard drainable locker right under the sink. An admirable offer. Maybe I should actually get out a tape measure and, er, measure. Yep, this could all be just about the slickest thing, since outdoor plumbing.



Back Down to Fiddley Bits

Well, we just don’t have any brass tacks in this project but I do think the majority of demolition and reconstructive surgery is behind us. That new aft step through entrance looks pretty good. The insert over the splashwell is downright stiff and non bouncy. There is a lot of hillbilly engineering spread round that spot. It got pretty wiggly after cutting that gaping hole.



There’s a new sink and cabinet out there, too. After moving the propane locker all over the place, we finally decided we could “make it work” under there. That sink? Seems I wanted a place to brush my teeth without having to spit over the side. Considering some of the hoity toity places we park that rig on its trailer, this is an issue.



I took the cabin heater all apart and then chopped a hole in my Captain’s Desk. The idea was to untangle things where it used to sit up against the galley platform and to run a stack that didn’t intrude so much like it used to, er, intrude. So the Gatling Gun thing may find a new job someplace and the laptop has a new keyboard tray to glare back at me.



Coming Together... Pretty Soon

It’s never a real wise thing to say, “Hey, we’re just about done with this one...” when it comes to overhauling a frankenboat. But things are going along pretty darn well. Most of the “innovations” that got stuck one place or another on *Walkabout* worked out more or less to “plan.”

A lot of stuff came from the whunderwhut shelves, salvaged stuff from past projects, extra parts, even stuff bought at a swap meet 20 years ago finally is finding its place.

There’s a potable water tank and sink from the original Bellboy installation. Boat sinks in a galley are good for just about one thing, putting stuff in them that I am worried about falling onto the deck and causing trouble. I’ve never actually met a galley sink that I could actually wash dishes in. There still needs to be a plastic tub for that.

We need more fixed weights to migrate aft so the water tank, the gray water tank and the sink are all back in the rear now, right next to where I figure to set the wash tub.





We do have a fresh caught factory aluminum fuel tank that expects to live under the new step below the new walk through. The fill thingie came with some obvious violence from a prior project. I suspect it'll go about here.



That tank should be just what the doctor ordered, all the attachments are at one end that will hide up against the hull side.



There's now room for two deep cycle Group 27s nestled down against the hull bottom between the water and fuel tanks. That propane bottle is gonna live in a standard lumberyard plastic bucket with a screw top lid with inside room for regulator, electric shutoff solenoid valve and overboard drain. And the portable gas tank will supply *Mr Nissan*, who is gonna audition as backup motor and maybe, just maybe, JATO system for *Miss Suzi*.



The notion is for *Mr N.* to ride on this hell for stout motor bracket that is attached back on the new and improved port side sponson. The idea would only be useful on longer transits but he is set up for remote controls and has electric start and alternator.



Since there will now be a permanent below decks fuel tank, we have to upgrade the ventilation system. All those parts have been sitting on the shelf waiting for a job.



And while this doesn't look like all such a much, it took me hours of fooling around to figure out where the anchors are gonna go, where the hawser back there should sit and where the rode is gonna pile up. So that's all finally about figured out. We'll go with a Danforth back aft for its superior stowing capability. The "heaving anchor" finally got a place, too.



There's enough new electrical stuff to require doubling the eight gang breaker panel along with a few toggle switches and maybe another half dozen 12volt outlets, especially back by the computer table. *Hot Stuff*, our propane cabin heater, got a new home. She was always in the way in the old layout. This time, she is slam up against the back doors. And that's not the best place for the heat to be.



Soooooooooooo, there's a new experimental recirc system. The hot air that rises in due course gets sucked down into that black "furnace register" and into a 4" heavy duty vacuum hose through a quiet, continuous service vent blower and thence to the floor up forward. Instead of the normal bake our head and freeze our toes of a strictly convection heater, well, this has promise.



This will either turn out hairball or genius in actual use. But so far it does seem promising. There's a new config for the laptop/keyboard and there will need to be a lot of wire pulling and switch placement for the new comforts. Trim replacement, new counter top and a pull out bin setup for under the galley counter. There's also a gooseneck reading lamp that has a screw in (conventional size) 12volt bulb for over the keyboard tray/book leaning place.



Dancing Chicken is now back in the bedroom, well, her work area that is. The question might arise, "When was she not in the bedroom?" Well, last winter I was keeping my water supply in the foyer in one of those big plastic storage boxes with a snap on lid. This was because of the rodent incident to which I referred in Part XXIII.

I made some changes to my systems at that time to enhance peaceful coexistence with the Searsport rodent population. In this I was gratifyingly successful, by and large. Only later did I discover that one thing they will do, if left to their own devices, was chew holes in the handles of plastic gallon water jugs. So came the addition of the plastic water tote to the systems.

Then one winter day I was routinely retrieving a water jug from the water tote so that I could use it to fix breakfast. It was frozen. So I decided that I'd better figure out a way to get the water moved into the bedroom since the heat is usually better in there. Of course, pretty soon spring and summer came and I was working on spring and summer putterings, including those involving *Dancing Chicken*.

But then the weather kept reminding me that another winter was coming along, so by November I had started to seriously work on developing a solution to the water storage problem. The first attempt was a setup in the foyer which would allow me to put the water tote in the area in the bedroom in which the work area had been. Here's a photo.



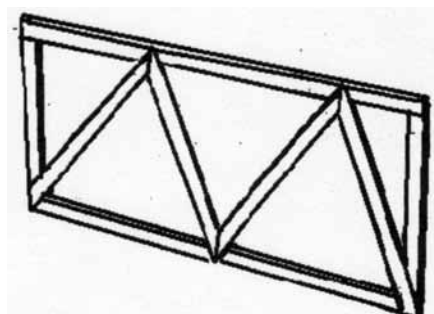
Dancing Chicken A Mini Saga in (?) Parts Part XXXIII

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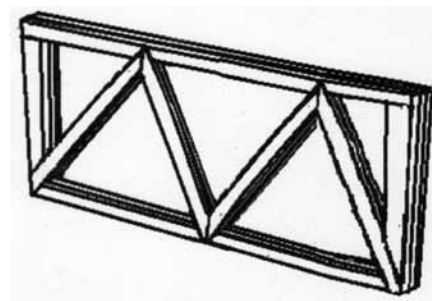
At first it was sort of working. However, the angles at which I had to work out there were less optimal than in the bedroom. I found that by some careful rearranging I could actually get five gallons of water on the galley top so then I could get *Dancing Chicken*, or the relevant part in progress, back into the bedroom. So here she is, with the workboard she had before, with the reach and grab reusable pieces of Gorilla Tape (and also the work in progress bow member frame).



Meanwhile, the next picture is one of those rough Microsoft Paint sketches showing what the bow member frame will look like, just with the preliminary first layer. It may end up with more layers if I think it warrants the time it will take to add them. I want her to get into the water as soon as possible, and I think that just the single layers will probably work.



The next picture is roughly what it would look like with the other layers, which would be as many as the longitudinal frames have. It would be pretty rugged, I think, and rugged is good. But it would also take, of course, lots more time to construct. Probably I'll just start by building them with just the single layer. At that point I could run some tests, I guess, and also by then I will probably have a better idea of what actually seems to be working.



So far, the various ideas which I have come up with seem to look like they'll work. There is more out of the water testing to be done, but it looks like so far so good, I think. I thought about experimenting with Ken Simpson's idea about using plywood (<https://www.portableboatplans.com>). Maybe if I did use that, I would just construct the basic frame rectangles (the transverse frames before the addition of any triangles) and attach pieces of plywood that would fit those while leaving space along the edges to accommodate the hose clamps (the bow member frame, however, is planned to proceed as shown in the sketches).

In either case, after the clamps are attached, it will give me more of that empirical data that I have mentioned before (Parts XXV and XXVII) as being gleanable in the process of "twigging." I think she's getting closer to, well, we shall see.



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Letting fortune cookies rule one's life is probably not such a good thing, but I do like Chinese takeout and consequently see quite a few of them. Today I was trying to decide whether to have a Chinese lunch before or after I did a coat of varnish. I opted for before and by the luck of the draw my fortune read, "It could be better but it's good enough." Whether this pertained to my life in general, the food or something else is a matter for discussion, but it seemed to be the perfect comment about my varnishing.

Over the years I've varnished a lot of runabouts but never thought of myself as an expert. I was OK but I knew some of the real experts and I simply did not invest the time and facilities that they used. I thought I'd like to write an article for *WoodenBoat* magazine some day, and a few years ago they did approach me. The assigned topic, you guessed it, was varnishing. The genius of Bob Hicks and this magazine is that he lets those who write for him write about what interests them. *WoodenBoat* seemed to view writers more as craft persons. They defined the tasks and the writers wrote about them. I realized that I did not want to be recognized as a varnish guru.

The boat club workshop circuit seems to always snag the real expert varnishers with the expectation that they will give the definitive talk and turn beginners into masters with just the flick of a magic wand or, more likely, a magic badger hair brush. These lectures are always interesting and informative but none transformed me into that person who lays down the perfect coat every time. I noticed how much information the experts give out and speculated on what they held back.

After talking for a while they usually entertain questions. My friend Jim Murdock, who has varnished countless "best in show" winners, must have frustrated someone in his audience, who asked, maybe innocently enough, what the "real secret" was. If the real secret wasn't part of the presentation, what's the chance that it would be given out during the questions and answers? Jim told the man that he should varnish hundreds of boats and if, at that point, he still didn't understand the secret then, and only then, Jim might tell him.

Jim's secret, as I understand it, is that first, he's varnished so many boats, and second, he never cuts any corners. Jim has a huge oversize auto painting spray booth (he brushes) complete with lights, air handling equipment and so on. It is used just for varnishing and is as clean as an operating room. Before a boat is rolled in it is sanded and cleaned, cleaned and cleaned. The cleaning usually takes much longer than the varnishing.

When Jim finally enters this space he might as well be halfway away around the world, because nobody dares disturb him until he is done. I was there waiting to see him one day when a salesman showed up. "He's varnishing," he was told. The salesman promptly opened the door into the varnish room and walked in. Everyone's eyes grew big. Very soon thereafter the salesman walked back out, went to his car and left. No sale that day. I'm reluctant to guess at what was said. Jim would probably scoff at the idea that the varnish room was some sort of sacred space, but it sure seems like one to me.

Kathy Muller in Sunapee, New Hampshire, is another one of the true varnishing experts. She, too, has varnished hundreds of boats but has built a wet sanding room with a floor drain and her answer to dust is lots and

Good Enough

By Boyd Mefferd

lots of water. The technique is different from Jim's but the bottom line is the designated space, an investment I have never made.

As a "good enough" varnisher, I routinely work in some pretty dirty spaces and try to concentrate my efforts on cleaning the boat. I still remember a young man who came years ago with his father to see boats and asked incredulously how I could varnish here? I assured him that I did and the look on his face told everything. One time, when we were doing a particularly critical final coat, I built a tent out of plastic tarps but that coat was no better nor worse than the ones we did without it.

For me, dry sanding has proven best and then I vacuum and vacuum again. Some people like to wipe the entire boat down with auto painting prep products, but I prefer to just clean away with the blue Scott shop towels. The sanding residue is white and shows up well against the blue towels. I do one pass in one direction and then fold the towel to a new clean surface. Rubbing back and forth only moves the dust around. After a towel comes up clean I do it once more for good measure. Then, more out of superstition than anything else, I go over it one more time with a waxy tack rag. The rag is white and the dust is white so I'll never know if it makes any difference. It's just my traditional last step in cleaning.

Once the boat is as clean as I plan to get it (Jim would probably spend several more hours) I can turn my attention to thinning the varnish. The idea is to have it thin enough to be able to level out and remove any evidence of brush strokes, but thick enough to cover with good gloss. I use the thinner that is specified by the varnish manufacturer. The amount is a lot like cooking, with a dash here and there. Thin a little, give it a try, I can always add more thinner or varnish to the mix.

The real experts use \$50 badger hair brushes and then probably spend another \$50 in shop time (on the clock?) cleaning them. My "good enough" solution is to make do with the \$1.50 disposable foam brushes. For small areas I use one brush to apply and then another to strike it off. For larger areas I use a very thin foam roller to apply and then a 4" foam brush to strike it off. Once the brush begins to get saturated with varnish it should be set aside and a new one used. Too much varnish in one area is the enemy and the strike off wants to smooth the coat without adding to it.

I don't tend to think of varnish and concrete in the same terms but there are some similarities. I did most of the work on my Canton building myself years ago when I was young and energetic. When it was time to pour the large concrete floors I talked to a contractor who asked me if I had ever done one before. I told him that I had poured small slabs and lots of foundations but never one as big as my building. He said that if I was intent on doing it myself I should have several helpers standing by because if I got too much concrete in one area I'd have a hard time moving it before it set up. I was young and knew everything, but I knew how heavy concrete was and the mental picture of trying frantically to move it from one area to another was enough to scare me into hiring him to do the job. He had poured hundreds and didn't make mistakes like that.

Varnish is easier to move than concrete but the idea is much the same, to produce a smooth, level surface. When too much varnish gets into one area, gravity threatens and it starts to run. A small run early on can sometimes be fixed with a flick of the brush but often fussing with it only makes it worse. The idea is the same as with concrete, to put the correct amount in the correct location in the first place. Varnish likes to fool us into thinking that everything is spectacular and then after 20, or even 30, minutes it goes for a big dive. By then it is usually too late to do anything but swear.

Varnish has two functions, protection and cosmetic. The experts are always focused on both but the "good enough" varnisher can always assure himself or herself that the coat may not be perfect but it still provides good protection. This is obviously a copout but sometimes is what you need to decide in order to get on with things. If you sand it out and do another it could be either better or worse. I find it satisfactory to try to do my best but settle for the way it runs out provided it isn't a "show boat." This does not excuse a gross job full of runs and holidays (bare spots) but acknowledges that not every coat is perfect every time and living with a small flaw or two is preferable to sanding it out and taking a chance on the next coat.

Another question everyone asks the experts is what varnish they use. For most it's not a secret. Jim uses Z-Spar Captain's which requires less thinning than some and sets up rather quickly. Kathy prefers Epifanes Gloss which is thicker in the can and takes a long time to get hard. If I have lots of time before a boat is to be used sometime I'll go with the Epifanes, too, but normally when launching is right around the corner I prefer Captain's.

Recently I contemplated writing an article about all the varnishes, new and old (Captain's and Epifanes have been on the market for years) including the two part products and the water based finishes. As I looked at all the choices I would have to buy and try I realized that it was a bigger undertaking than I'd anticipated and would require making some long exposure trials. Then, when all was said and done, I'd have a shelf of opened cans of varnishes that I really didn't want to use.

Varnish manufacturers seem to view the idea of the buildup of many coats, with sanding in between with all the labor involved, to be detrimental to their sales so there have been various "no sanding" products and others which allow recoating every couple of hours. It's like a drive through window, convenience seems to rule.

If you are trying to put eight coats of varnish on your mast in a single weekend, or if your time is extremely limited, maybe a no sand, add a coat an hour product is attractive but for most of us sanding should be our friend. If you sand between every coat it gets smoother each time and flatter, too, because the low spots fill and the tops are taken off the high spots.

With all toxic products, safety is a consideration. It's always advisable to wear a dust mask when sanding. The nice thing about wet sanding is that the dust all goes into the water so there is no need for a mask. I imagine that all reasonable people try to wear some sort of respirator to keep from breathing varnish fumes but I must confess that I seldom do. People may not get into a trance to varnish but there is some sense of heightened awareness for many and having a bulky

respirator over your face, particularly on a hot summer day, seems an unwelcome intrusion into the concentration required. I like to get around the boat quickly, check it once and then get out of the shop as soon as possible.

Some people like to buff out their final coat with a very fine compound and I've been told that this was standard practice at the Gar Wood factory. Buffing will take out minor imperfections but it also breaks down the surface of the varnish, making it less able to repel water. Also, I don't like the idea that regardless of how well you wash the surface, compound may lurk in small cracks and be there to foul the coat the next time the boat is varnished.

The same holds true for wax, which some will apply as though their varnished wooden boat was a car or a fiberglass boat. Wax, unless removed with a thorough cleaning with a finish prep product, will cause fish eyes in the varnish and even then some wax seems to have a way to persist and ruin the coat.

People often ask how many coats of varnish we do and for most refinishes it's seven or eight. To get that deep gloss that seems to win at the shows, many people will do up to fourteen! A fresh coat will tend to sink into the wood after the boat has been in the direct sun for a while and slightly thin areas that were formerly nice and glossy can become dull. For that reason, when I'm doing my spring maintenance varnish I'll do a coat, wait a week or so if there's time and then do another.

It's all about having a boat well protected and looking as good as possible. You don't need to be a pro to do a good job, many amateur maintained boats come home with

some of the top trophies from the shows. I like it when people take pride and do the best they can without ruining their lives over a coat of varnish. There are lots of other areas on a boat that deserve attention, too. It's all supposed to be fun, so do it until it ceases to be fun, and then find a way to lighten up.

Boyd's Antique Boats Powder Mill Rd, Canton, CT 06019 860-693-4811

In 1981 Boyd Mefferd, then an internationally known sculptor specializing in large outdoor works, began restoring runabouts to provide variety in his work and to provide fill in projects between sculpture commissions. The antique boat hobby consisted of a small but highly enthusiastic group, mainly amateur restorers, who were able to select their current project from a wide range of available craft.

By the late '80s the hobby had become much more popular, more professional restoration shops had opened and Boyd had become "Boyd's Boatyard" with five people working on restorations. Boyd was purchasing runabouts, often neglected and in poor shape, from locations all over the US and Canada, and at one point there were 100 boats of all descriptions at the Canton, Connecticut, location. During the '90s interest in antique boats boomed and gradually there were fewer and fewer unrestored boats still left to be "found."

"Boyd's Boatyard" evolved into a full service sales and restoration facility providing maintenance for hobbyists not interested

in hands on involvement and commissioned restorations for individuals who had a special boat needing work, often something with a long family history. Boat sales continued, featuring both restored and projects, with the inventory reflecting the ever decreasing availability of unrestored runabouts.

You will find no fiberglass boats in Canton, only wood, and because of a combination of philosophical and practical objections, Boyd has never traded in the recently manufactured reproduction runabouts.





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The Gundalow Company Mission and History

On a rainy day in June 1982, the replica gundalow *Captain Edward H. Adams* was launched into the Piscataqua River while several hundred people lined the banks to watch this historic event. It took an impressive community effort to build the 70' replica on the grounds of Strawberry Banke Museum with a group of dedicated shipwrights and volunteers led by local legendary boat builder Bud McIntosh. This event celebrated the hundreds of cargo carrying gundalows built in the Piscataqua Region starting in 1650. At the same time it celebrated the 20th century creation of a unique teaching platform that travelled to Piscataqua region riverfront towns carrying a message that raised awareness of this region's maritime heritage and the environmental threats to our rivers.

For just over 25 years the *Adams* was used as a dockside attraction so people could learn about the role of gundalows in this region's economic development as well as hundreds of years of human impact on the estuary. When the Gundalow Company inherited the *Adams* from Strawberry Banke Museum in 2002, the opportunity to build a new gundalow that could sail with students and the public became a priority. For the next decade we continued the programs on the *Adams* while pursuing the vision to build a gundalow that could be more than a dockside attraction.

In 2011 we built *Piscataqua*, a new traditional gundalow, on the grounds of Strawberry Banke using time honored methods and mate-

rials. However, unlike the *Adams*, *Piscataqua* is designed to take students and the public sailing! The programs onboard *Piscataqua* weave together environmental science, history and maritime heritage, providing a unique educational experience for students of all ages. The strategic decision to build a gundalow certified by the US Coast Guard means that, for the first time, the public is able to sail on a regionally significant historic vessel.

Today the nonprofit Gundalow Company's mission "to protect the Piscataqua Region's maritime heritage and environment through education and action" is more important than ever. Thousands of students each year spend a few hours sailing onboard the world's only Piscataqua gundalow. They learn how gundalows were built here to carry lumber, salt marsh hay, oysters, bricks, pipe staves and coal on the shallow rivers where big ships could not go. Through a series of hands on activities, students get a glimpse of the past 300 years on the working waterfront and explore issues like water quality, habitat protection, stewardship, navigation.

It is our belief that the Gundalow Company is well positioned to collaborate with partners to generate publicity, awareness and action relating to the health of the Piscataqua Maritime Region and the Great Bay Estuary. Looking ahead, the Gundalow Company aims to be a leader in efforts to inspire stewardship of the Piscataqua Region's environmental and maritime legacies. Our strategic alliances with a number of organizations within the Piscataqua Watershed serve to protect its "sense of place."

Gundalow Company

60 Marcy Street, Portsmouth, NH 03801
603-433-9505 – www.gundalow.org

The gundalow *Piscataqua* on the Piscataqua River, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.



Fanny M. launched from Adam's Point in Durham, New Hampshire, in 1886 by Captain Edward H. Adams, was the last gundalow to operate commercially in the area.



The launch of the gundalow *Piscataqua* 12/10/2011.



What is a Gundalow?

A gundalow is a shallow draft type of cargo barge, once common in the Gulf of Maine's rivers and estuaries. The Piscataqua gundalow began as a simple undecked barge, first appearing in the mid 1600s, poled or rowed with long sweeps (oars). From the 1700s into the 1900s the gundalow evolved into fully decked flat bottomed cargo carrier with a cabin and lateen sail that could be lowered to "shoot" under bridges. The sail acted as an "auxiliary engine" since the gundalow depended on the tides to take it upriver on the rising tide and downriver on the falling tide.

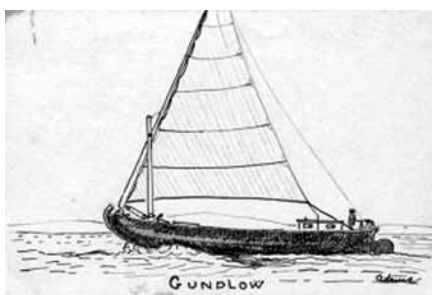
Built from woodlot timber, most salt-water farmers, fishermen or traders simply built their own. No two gundalows were alike. The *Fanny M.*, launched from Adam's Point in Durham, New Hampshire, in 1886 by Captain Edward H. Adams, was the last gundalow to operate commercially in the area. Drawings of the *Fanny M.* in the collection of the Smithsonian Institution inspired the design of the new gundalow *Piscataqua*.

The gundalow was the equivalent of today's tractor trailer rig, sometimes measuring over 70' long and 19' wide. It could navigate shallow rivers, carrying freight of up to 50 tons between oceangoing schooners and the growing towns of the Piscataqua region. Raw cotton, spices and other goods from around the world were transported from the schooners to area businesses and factories. Farm produce, oysters and fish, lumber, manufactured goods, locally made bricks, native-hewn granite, cordwood and coal were all carried on gundalows.



Captain Edward H. Adams (1860-1950).

The *Fanny M.*, as drawn by Captain Adams, in the collection of the Smithsonian Institution, inspired the design of the new gundalow *Piscataqua*.



The Piscataqua Maritime Region

New Hampshire has the shortest coastline of any US coastal state. Yet just east of Rye's Odiorne Point lies the mouth of the Piscataqua River. Here the ocean tide comes flooding in twice each day, driving salty currents upstream through Little Bay and into Great Bay. Upriver the seawater is gradually diluted by the fresh waters of seven rivers which drain 930 square miles of watershed, 25% of the shorelands of the estuary are in Maine, 75% in New Hampshire.

This brackish mix creates the Great Bay Estuary ecosystem with habitats such as underwater eel grass beds, intertidal rocky shores, tidal marshes and mud flats. Reaching 15 miles inland to Great Bay, this arm of the sea is one of the most recessed estuaries in the country, adding 152 miles of additional tidal shoreline in New Hampshire and 52 miles in Maine.



Rivers and Bays in the Piscataqua Region

Dover, NH: Bellamy and Cochecho Rivers
Durham, NH: Oyster River
Eliot, ME: Spinney Creek and

Piscataqua River

Exeter, NH: Squamscott River
Greenland, NH: Winnicut River and

Great Bay

Kittery, ME: Spruce and Chauncey
Creeks, Piscataqua River

New Castle, NH: Little Harbor,

Piscataqua River

Newfields, NH: Squamscott River

Newington, NH: Little Bay

Newmarket, NH: Lamprey River

Portsmouth, NH: Piscataqua River

Rye, NH: Rye Harbor, Little Harbor, Sagamore Creek, Witch Creek and Seavey Creek

South Berwick, ME: Great Works River and Salmon Falls River

Stratham, NH: Great Bay

York, ME: York River and Brave Boat Harbor

Fanny M. (photo left) launched from Adam's Point in Durham, New Hampshire, in 1886 by Captain Edward H. Adams, was the last gundalow to operate commercially in the area.

At left: Piscataqua Region (top half of map) showing inland waterways served by gundalows.

Below: Great Bay with inland town of Exeter in foreground.

Far below: Gundalows could navigate shallow rivers, carrying freight of up to 50 tons between oceangoing schooners and the growing towns of the Piscataqua region. Here one is docked at an unidentified town waterfront on Great Bay.



2019 SAILING SEASON IN REVIEW

2,756 students 20 concert cruises 3,900 exhibit visitors 128 classes
8 speaker series sails 228 campers 5,345 guests on board 41 charters



MAY

In early May we kicked off our sailing season with our education programs, and our exhibit "Changing Nature - 400 years in the Piscataqua Region" in Sheafe Warehouse. We also kicked off our public sailing season with sails from Adams Point in Durham. We hosted our second evening of Gundalow Gatherings raising money for our Education Programs.



JULY

Throughout the summer we welcomed a record number of campers with 19 summer camp programs.

Campers spent time sailing on PISCATAQUA, building boats, kayaking and rowing on Sagamore Creek, making ROVs, sailing Merry Macs and exploring the Portsmouth Waterfront.



SEPTEMBER

We headed out to sea in early September for a week-long visit to the Merrimack River. We welcomed passengers at the dock in Newburyport and Lowell's Boatshop in Amesbury.

We shared the Gundalow story with other partners including Untapped History and several surrounding schools as well as the Merrimack River Watershed Counsel.



JUNE

On June 1 we hosted our first annual PISCATAQUA RIVERFEST. We kicked off the weekend with our Riverfest Gala on Friday night followed by a Saturday full of boats, Round Island Regatta, activities and more.

Our summer Adventure Speaker Series and popular Concert Cruises also began in June. Passengers enjoyed a sunset sail while listening to an interesting topic or live band.



AUGUST

In August we joined visiting tall ships at Sail Portsmouth.

As Portsmouth's only tall ship in full-time residence Piscataqua joined the USCGC Eagle and four other Tall Ships in the Parade of Sail.

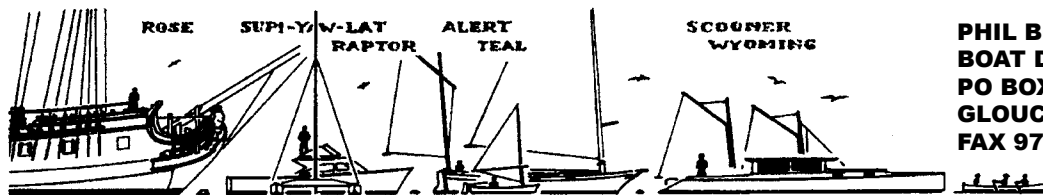
We finished off our camp season with a celebration at Creek Farm. We moved our exhibit back into Sheafe Warehouse.



OCTOBER

In October we made our way up to the Bellamy River for a weekend of education and public sails from the Portsmouth Christian Academy. We also sailed to Adams Point on the Great Bay for a beautiful fall weekend of trips. We finished out the 2019 public sailing season with 394 trips.

We kicked off our Winter Science Cafe series discussing Ocean Plastics.



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Two Design Numbers for one Shoe-Box?

First things first. The point was to make a small dinghy for two light folks, or for one heavier plus supplies, for a modest distance across reasonably smooth waters at under 3 knots, all to end up on the least amount of storage footprint on the boat, the float, back of your truck or van, car top or leaning against the wall in that spare bedroom in your walk up rental apartment.

So #538, designed late summer 1988, is that of the modular punt in which the outboard buoyancy boxes actually can be separated from the center hull to then fit exactly inside that center hull for an on deck storage footprint of indeed just 5'6" length by 2'0" width.

Typically, with modular dinghies, there can be challenges of actually assembling them since if an on deck area is too scarce to stow a rigid hull, you might have a problem assembling it on deck as well.

Here a number of aligning blocks and then just two vertical 1/8"x1.5"x18" metal blades slide into slots to lock the outside buoyancy boxes to the main hull to combine to an all up displacement loaded of around 400lbs on a 50lbs (or so) assembly.

#539 is simply the simpler lighter one piece version and closer to 40lbs without the structural and mechanical additions of the modular sistership. This hull was built for Phil's own use aboard 48'x11'x2'8"x31,000lbs *Resolution* after completion of these plans, making her now about 30 years old.

As an intriguing footnote, on the plans Phil states that from the height of *Resolution's* 4'+ high deck he'd launch Shoe-Box sideways to touch the water with her wide side decks, with the buoyancy of her square deck versus her curved bottom making sure that she ends up floating right side up. Matters to think through!

For both versions Phil offered on the plans the option of extending the bow upwards to allow for better behavior in moderate waves. However, no outboard was ever even discussed.

And yet, a 2.5hp mini Honda might offer more stamina than human muscles with oars and paddles. I guess I could have swung a modest trolling motor over whichever transom, plus a plausibly sized battery, to already add about twice the empty weight of Shoe-Box empty and not much fun to carry around from the house to the public float. I've come to prefer an old very light Bart Hathaway double paddle with fiberglass blades over a wooden loom.

This rigid Shoe-Box required just two sheets of 1/4" marine grade Douglas fir plywood, some dimensional lumber, screws, some epoxy for joints and was built with foam under the side decks and finished without any surface coatings beyond latex flat white house paint, without epoxy or epoxy and fiberglass cloth. Always outside, always kept off the ground by blocking but without cover in the sun and the shade, summer, win-

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column No 544 in *MAIB*
 Design #538/539 Shoe-Box

5'6"x3'3" Assembled Rigid
 5'6"x2'0" Stowed
 1+1 Smooth Water Punt Driven
 by Oars or Double Paddle

ter, spring and fall without much attention, she did age. So when I needed her in 2015 to tend to the just completed and launched 39' SACPAS-3 (Design #681) I knew that she needed a good epoxy soaking and fiberglass cloth layer over her bottom to stiffen it up again, gaining a modest amount of weight she actually needed. I can lose more weight than she can do without.

For 2018 and 2019 she also was the obvious choice to be the tender for Design #614 Flying Cloud which, with full ballast, weighs near 300lbs, something better kept at the mooring.

My habit has been to paddle out with Shoe-Box, disconnect Flying Cloud's mooring pendant, then tow her to the float where the rain cover can be removed, the leg-o-mutton cat rig be stepped and my safety bag, provisions, camera, the occasional guest be put aboard safely.

Shoe-Box lives upside down with the lanyard through her bow transom, you figure which transom is which, secured to a float corner bollard which, across many blows, has yet to allow the hull to move any. She has stayed on the float in winter to serve as a rescue craft should someone like hunters or clambers get into trouble in the tidal waters and someone on land notices.

When in the summer season there is not enough room on the float for the neighbors to leave their dink there as well, she is just sitting right side up on the marsh, tied to the uprights supporting the 4'-5' high boardwalk. So she collects rain, may grow algae inside if we are off doing something else and ends up a bit mucky inside, suggesting better care and bringing a kneepad for double paddling her on our knees out to the mooring.

One problem with her sitting there in the off season, quietly upside down and square, is that winter visitors have mistaken her for some sort of a sitting box that could test her strength, tempting the reflex to put stick on letters on her bottom stating that "this is a boat," never to be seen once she is afloat again. A modest sailing rig could be conceived, a leeboard attached to one side, plus a rudder on her (which?) stern transom if we can fold our legs somehow somewhere in that 2' narrow space.

Not done yet, not necessarily really satisfying in its results except that we have that tiny balanced lug sail on hand, a few closet poles.

So here a few obvious images of the old Shoe-Box in typical use across short dis-

tances in protected waters, here as a double paddle punt carrying a 210lb person. I tend to kneel, the only place I ever assume this posture, usually on one of those garden foam pads conceived for the same purpose and to not pinch my kneecaps across one of those transverse bottom reinforcements doing double duty as keel stops when I row her. Kneeling and facing forward, as low in the boat as my legs folding allow, has me putting strong strokes into the water, the immediate correction with the other blade, on so on until I get there. Once mighty Flying Cloud's heft is accelerated, I have reasonable control over both until it breezes up and I get to work for those few yards. But it all works, functional affordable minimalism on just one curve in her hull, no hum plywood and indifference to hull finish, a decent tool. Yes, I can stand up in her in smooth waters, but why gamble?



Not far to go to Flying Cloud on her mooring in very protected waters unless a king tide coincides with a good gale, meaning we'd likely stay home anyway.

Two of Bolger's square boats in good company. Shoe-Box is the smallest. And 8'x4' Flying Cloud is based on 8'x4' Brick, the third smallest type, 6'5"x3'2" Tortoise would be the second smallest one.





Indeed, just 5'6" tall in this orientation, with her square sides handy to position her on her ends, sides, deck.



With her wooden skids under her chine as a wear item, a rub rail, she easily goes over the float's edge with that low transom edge still high enough above the water to keep her dry. Good to always have her pendant in one hand during the slide.



A 210 pounder stepping into a 40lb boat is helped by her square chine for stability and her square deck edge to lie tight against the float.

Stable on the knees, a good amount of weight can be put into the double paddle.



The look of a well worn purposeful tool, just not a pretty yachty tender. Good to keep that bow up to not push water. Phil mentioned that, in terms of conventional boat standards, she simply is not attractive enough to be stolen.



Good enough for small waters, although like most tiny boats never a satisfying experience in terms of water past the hull aesthetics or sensations. Gratification comes from getting there, dry, safely, again and again.



Standing up does not seem much of a gamble in 50° mild and 3' deep tidal water in late November. However, it would not take much for her to go out from under me with my head perhaps whacking the float, losing my senses just as my head slips underwater. So stunts only away from the float in summer

A well used tool down on the float.



warm water and better a real plan along with adequate upper body strength to pull myself into her again during high tide, or wait until mid-tide and just walk home with her in tow.



To get out of her I prefer an inelegant but safe horizontal movement, from kneeling in the boat to kneeling on the float before getting up, always with the lanyard on one hand.



Pulled out on her chine skids, the square sides make positioning her for upside down storage straightforward and predictable in her movement under gravity. I have yet to drop her.

Yes, she has increasing rot in both her transom cleats because rainwater did linger on those edges as she sat quietly upside down awaiting next duties, a slope cut into that piece should be on the plans. I won't get to this repairs until well into next year.

In the meantime, she works as I require, still has most of her flotation foam and seems a good example of very functional and affordable minimalism. As someone local quipped upon completion and use of a Tortoise, 1' longer than Shoe-Box, "for someone else, only one curve in her! If it is this simple, Bolger, who needed you?" No idea whether that unconventional simplicity has kept any of these shapes from being stolen.

Plans for either Shoe-Box designs #538 (modular) or #539 (rigid) remain available as ONE package at \$50 to build one boat, mailed in an envelope by priority mail. It is suggested that you bone up on the building process by getting one of the standard Harold H. Payson texts with him showing you how he built a range of Phil Bolger's designs.

It seems that if you are running a commercial maritime operation and something goes wrong and one of the crew dies, you could be charged under the "Seaman's Manslaughter Statute" (18 US Code 1115) according to an article in *Professional Mariner* (December/January 2020, pp 58-61). The information in the article does not sound good for the skipper or those in the shoreside management of the operation if something goes wrong and negligence is proved.

Paper charts (remember them?) were always a problem on a small boat. If you were cruising in the same area most of the time, one or two charts, folded to show the general area, were usually suitable. If you would need more charts, storage could become a problem. Some people used golf club tubes to store the rolled up charts. The tube protected the chart and kept it clean. Since golf club tubes were expensive, a lot of people used thin wall PVC pipe of the proper length and diameter. They put a cap on one end and the chart was protected and easily stored someplace on the boat.

When the online access to charts became available, I brought the part of the chart I wanted up and then copied the image (control print on my machine) and pasted it into a graphics file. I could then print the file and have a current copy for use on the boat. It was not waterproof but very usable both in size and readability. If I wanted to create a more water resistant chart, I misted it from a spray bottle with Thompson's WaterSeal®. After the paper dried I had a usable chart with ink that did not run if moisture got on the chart. I found about this use of the product from a letter to the editor in *MAIB* many years ago.

WoodLife® is a very good product for use on wooden boats. When we had our wooden sloop, I used it to preserve the wood. One concern with the product was that it would "eat" fiberglass. If some trickled from the wood to the glass it would etch the gel coat and the surface under the gel coat quite nicely. I used this properly on a repair job where I needed to remove a fiberglass patch on a wooden deck. I painted the area with WoodLife® and waited about an hour. The fiberglass patch peeled off nicely and left all the wood behind. I made the repairs and varnished the wood. All worked out and everything looked quite nice.

Another non boat chemical I used on the wooden boat was antifreeze to "cure" dry rot. The chemicals in antifreeze that made it harmful/fatal to swallow did wonders on the growth in the dry rot. The fluid fills all the cracks and is absorbed by the wood. Once it dries you can then go on with the repair. Not as good as some of the commercial products for dry rot, but a lot less expensive. I found out about the use of antifreeze from another letter to the editor in *MAIB* many years ago.

If everything is not installed correctly, power surges can mess up your wifi connection on land or sea. An individual was complaining about their internet connection dropping now and then. He had wifi in his home between the computers and the router/modem. I suggested that he check and see if the house power changes when the heater cuts on (do the lights "blink"). If so, that light surge might be interfering with the wifi by generating an electromagnetic pulse. The suggestion came to mind because a member of a computer group I was with would lose his router wifi connection when the refrigerator turned on. The refrigerator was between



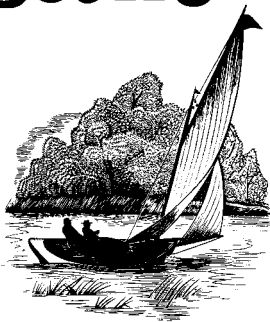
his office and the router. He moved the router and all was well.

Have you gone astern with your boat recently? I mean really astern. Most of us idle our boat out of the slip, put the gear in forward and move out to the channel. On a calm day, with plenty of room, put the boat in reverse and feed the throttle to increase the speed as the boat backs up. Do this slowly as you will find your steering has changed and control might not be as you would like. The process is to give you some idea of how reverse behaves on your boat. You need to be careful about two things, however. The first is the amount of water that may flow back into the stern area though the scuppers and the second is the possibility of water flowing into the exhaust line. Either event can cause problems.

The quote credited to Alexander Pope, "Be not the first by whom the new are tried, nor yet the last to lay the old aside," has come home to me with various web "upgrades" slowly removing my hardware and software from access to the web. I am working around most of the problems but someday I may actually have to purchase a new computer with the "current" operating system. At present my system will receive email messages but will not send.

To get around this problem at the moment, when not using my wife's computer with Windows 10, I am using an Acer laptop running the Chrome browser with a Samsung monitor (so I can read the screen), a Dell keyboard (so I can type) and a Logitech track ball. It works, but I have to assemble all the pieces to go on the web to send email or look at any updated websites. If you have various electronic devices on your boat that become "outdated" with advances in the computer technology of today, do you upgrade what you have, purchase new or just plug along? With the cost of marine grade electronics (although prices have fallen considerably), this is not a minor question.

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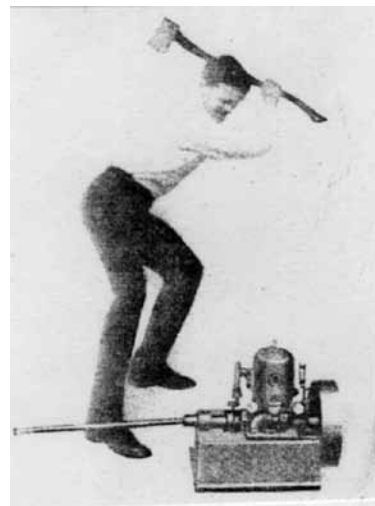
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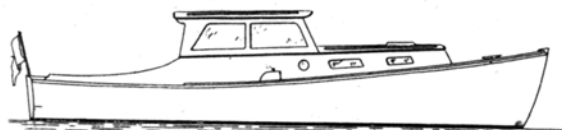
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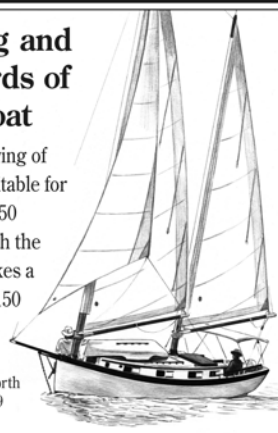
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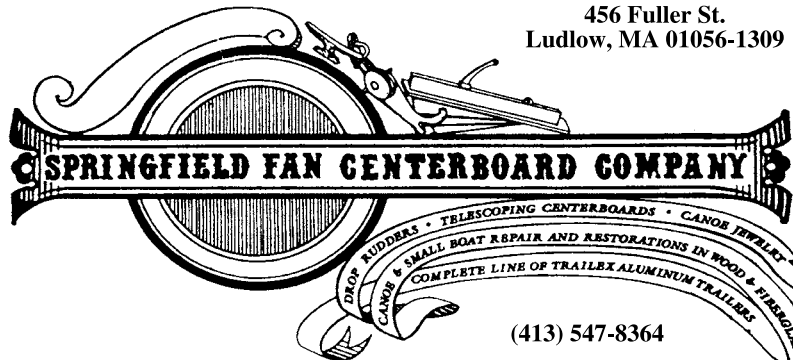
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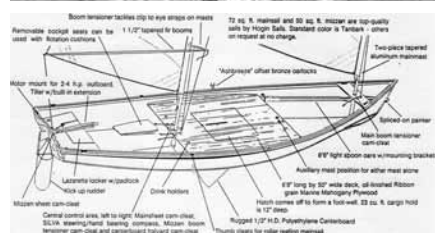
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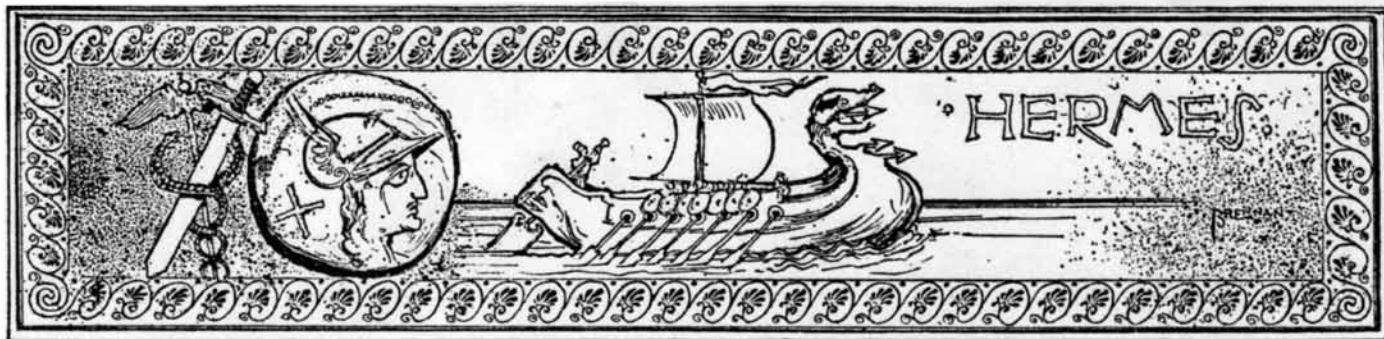


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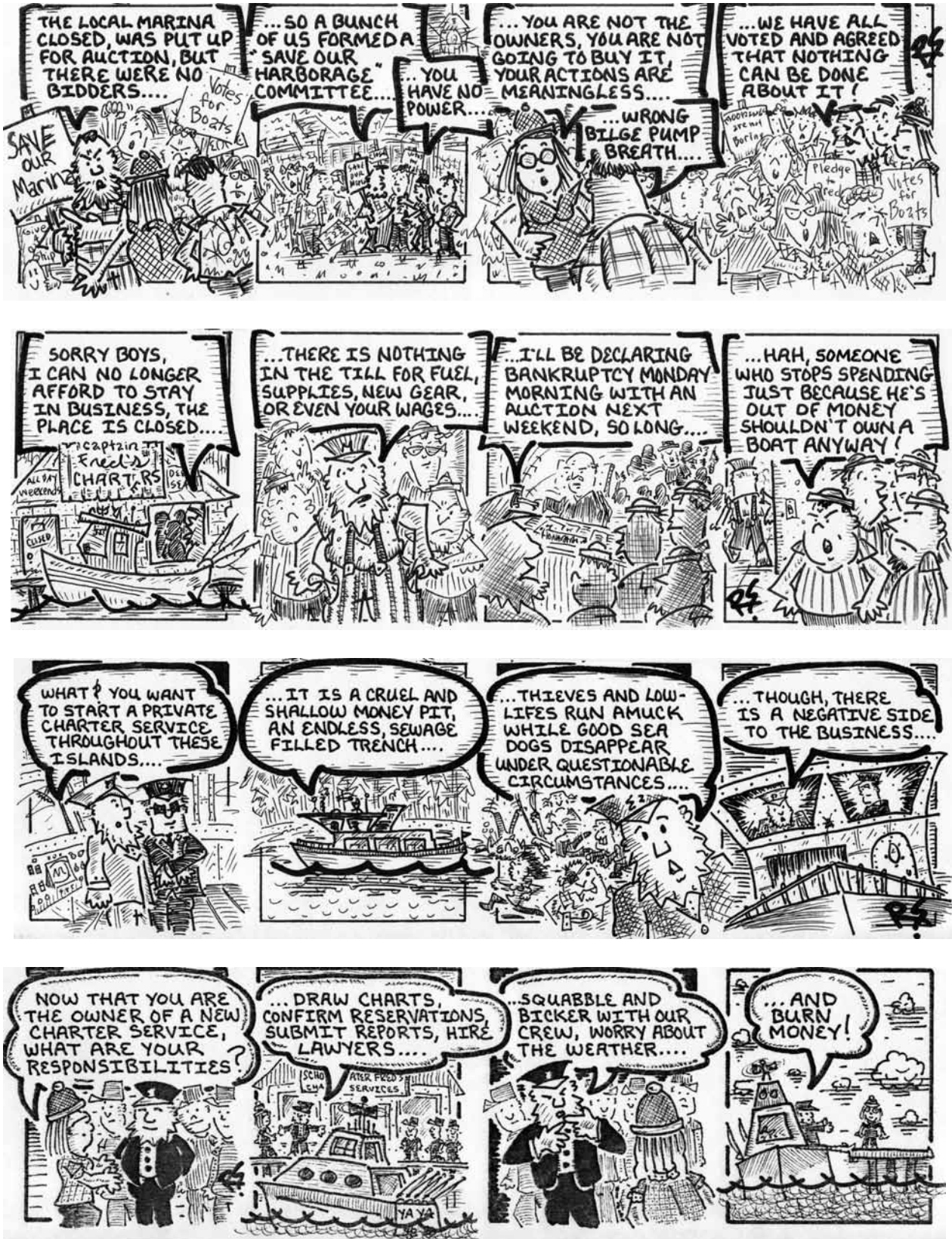
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Justin just sent me an e-mail. "We were laying up a boat when Ian took a call. The caller referred to the time you told the President of U.S. Rowing that "our boats are the fastest in the world". I figured you could give me some insight as to what he's talking about. // I responded, "Guilty as charged. It was at the US Rowing convention in Philadelphia. Our display was in the ballroom of a downtown hotel. I posted a sign: "Our Boats Are the Fastest in the World." On the few occasions when asked, I'd explain, "3/4ths of the world is water. Lets get a globe, spin it and randomly select 10 rowing sites. How many races do you think your boats would win?" // "None," was the universal answer.

During the course of the show a mother and daughter several times caressed our boats. Several times they said, "Dad would love these boats, he just has to see them." // Later in the day a man walked towards me, big smile, hand outstretched, "Hi, I'm Dad." // He was Monk Terry, then the President of US Rowing and the Chair of the US Olympic Rowing Committee. In the course of our conversation he said, "You're doing the Miami Boat Show, right?"

I said it was too far from home. Monk said, "You HAVE to do Miami. We live in Coconut Grove, just a couple of miles away. You can stay in our guest house. You REALLY have to do this show."

Which led to a 10 year romance with the Miami Boat Show. As a booth fee we gave them one of our Pack Boats, they put it on display at the entrance to the show. Also, on their website, on commercials and in the program.. It would be a prize in their photo contest. Also, Cathy Johnston, the director of the show, actually bought one of our kits for her ex-father-in-law. I delivered kit to him on my way to Miami a few years later.

As a result of meeting Monk and the rowing community in Philadelphia I was invited to one of their Christmas parties at one of the rowing clubs on the Schuylkill. "Oh, and could you bring that boat along?" ...pointing to our wooden boat. // I said, "Sure," but I must have had a puzzled look on my face. "We have a tradition of rowing Santa down the Schuylkill. And our boats are too tippy for that."

That's my story and I'm' sticking to it. David

